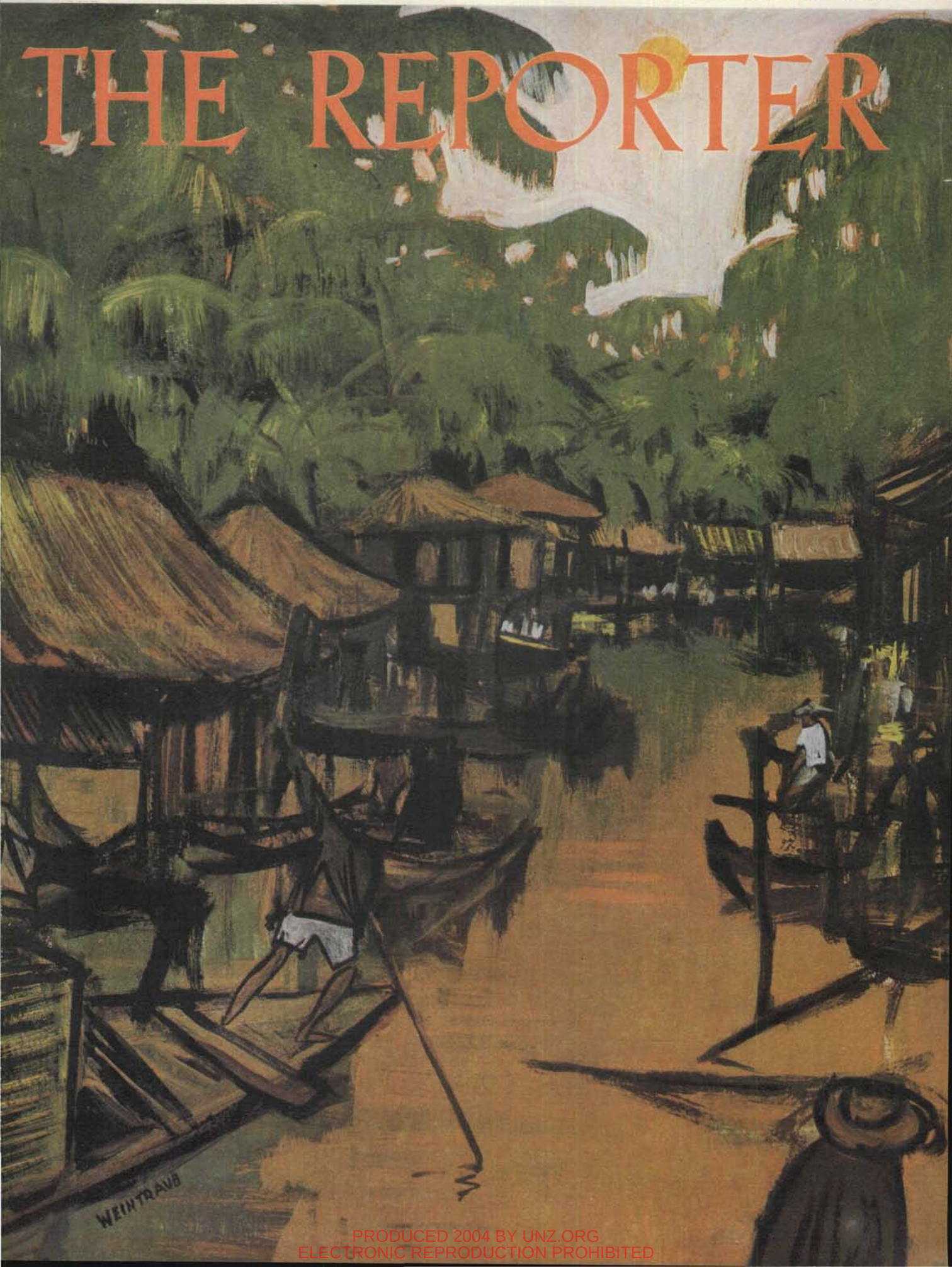
The High Cost of Poverty

March 26, 1964 35¢

And There Goes Cambodia

THE REPORTER



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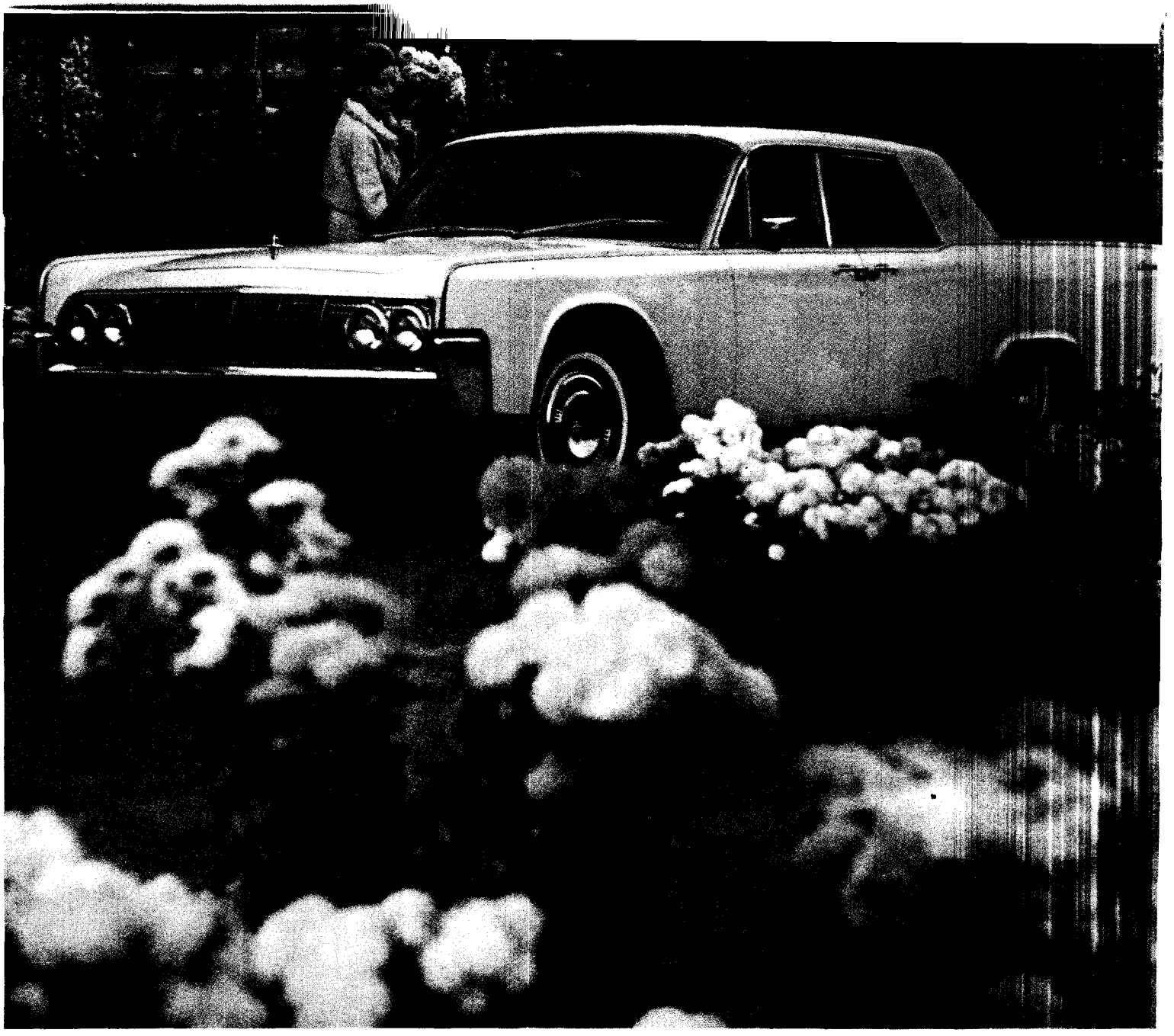

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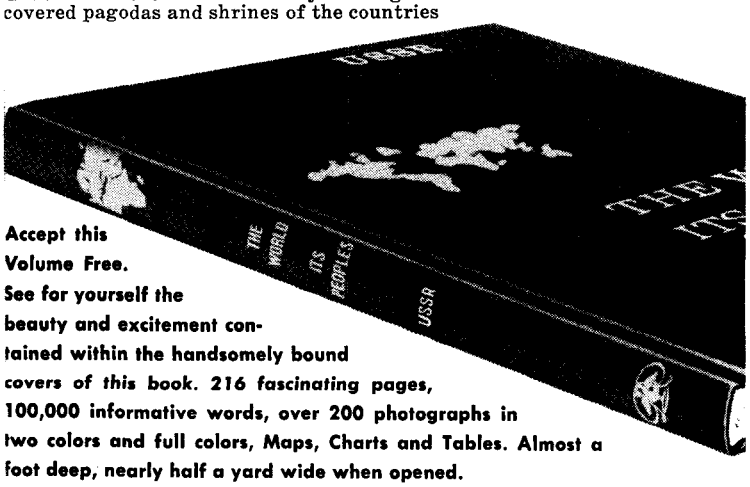

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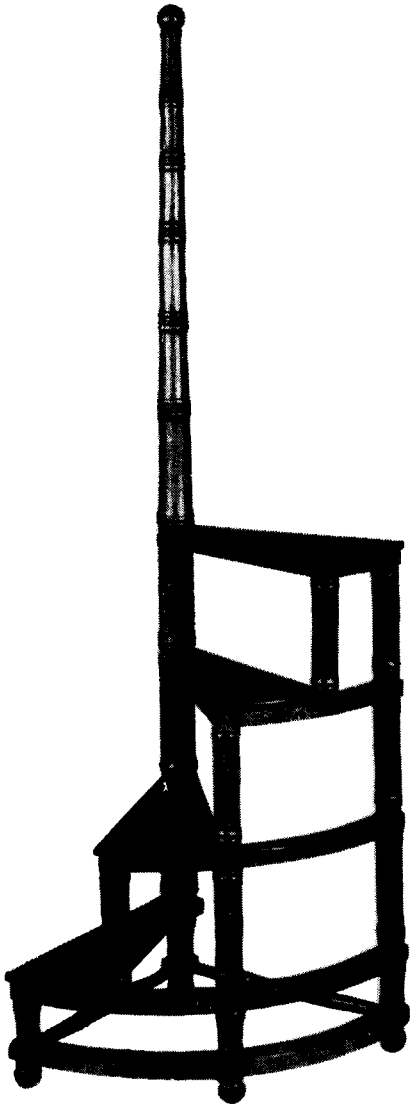

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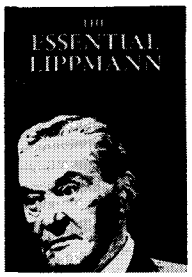

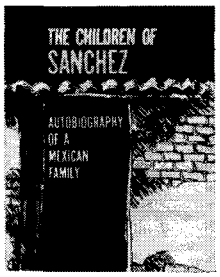

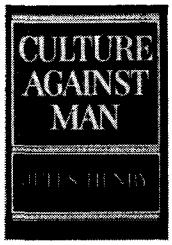

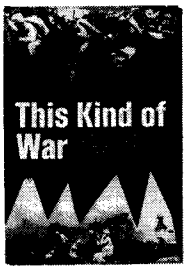

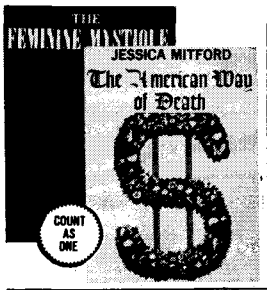

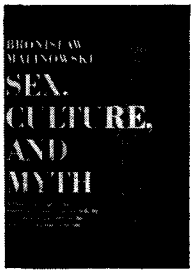

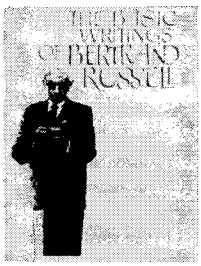

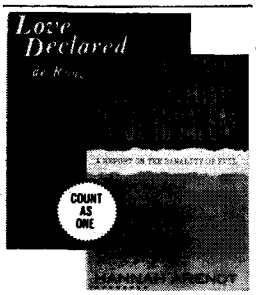

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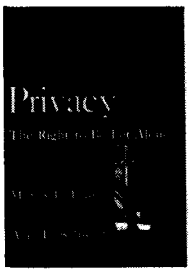

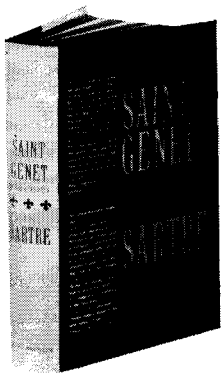

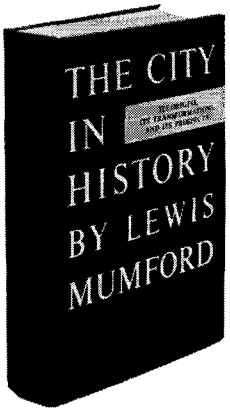

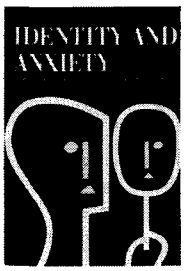

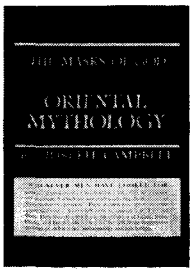

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE HAVE COME a long way since Andrew Carnegie wrote his eloquent essay upon "The Advantages of Poverty." Except for an occasional Presidential candidate, most of us can see that poverty is not always ennobling and that those who do not pull themselves up out of misery are often segregated not only from a share of the nation's wealth but even from hope by forces beyond their control. And yet, like Carnegie, we still tend to see poverty as primarily an aspect of the workings of immutable laws of economics. But those who suffer or whose potentialities get wasted are human beings, not lines on a graph. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** argues that poverty is essentially a problem of ethics; economics can only provide some of the data we need in our effort to relieve it.

We Americans have always been great ones for scolding and exhorting, which sometimes does more harm than good. According to **Ely M. Brandes,** the unfortunate youngsters who drop out of high school before getting their diplomas are not apt to be helped by all the preachments they have been getting lately, and neither are the rest of us. Mr. Brandes, who goes on to set the dropout matter in its proper perspective as part of the new national commitment to what is called "manpower planning," is an economist with the Stanford Research Institute at Menlo Park, California. . . . A report on the preparations being made for the first battles in President Johnson's war on poverty is provided by **Bernard D. Nossiter,** a reporter for the Washington *Post,* whose book, *The Mythmakers: an Essay on Power and Wealth,* has just been published by Houghton Mifflin.

SEVEN YEARS AGO, the chief counsel to the McClellan subcommittee promised to "jump off the Capitol" if Jimmy Hoffa were acquitted of charges of attempting to bribe a committee investigator. When the Teamsters' boss went free, Robert Kennedy didn't jump. He initiated a relentless campaign to put Hoffa behind bars that has finally resulted in Hoffa's being sentenced to eight years in jail. Whether or not he ever serves this term, Hoffa's conviction does not necessarily mean the end of his control over his sprawling union, according to **A. H. Raskin,** a member of the editorial board of the New York *Times.* Many Teamster executives would like to see Hoffa go, but no one dares to make the first move to oust him, and he may very well be able to run the union from a prison cell. . . . President Johnson's plans to revamp the administration of foreign aid seem to have been shelved. The committee he named to recommend changes has not published its report, and no major overhaul is likely this year. **Paul Duke,** who is with NBC News in Washington, tells what happened to Mr. Johnson's hoped-for revisions. . . . **Denis Warner,** whose analysis of the situation in Vietnam appeared in our February 27 issue, now assesses Cambodia's drift toward Peking and the reasons behind Prince Sihanouk's break with the West. Mr. Warner is on a swing through Southeast Asia, a region he visits regularly from his base in Australia. . . . The failure of the Illinois state legislators to agree on reapportionment has presented voters there with a chaotic ballot on which all the candidates for the Springfield house are running "at large." The muddle is explained by **James L. McDowell,** a graduate student in government at Southern Illinois University. . . . Another voting problem—how Negroes in the South are disqualified from registering and how the Civil Rights bill would correct these abuses—is described by the father-and-son team of **John** and **E. W. Kenworthy.** The senior Kenworthy is a member of the Washington bureau of the New York *Times,* where John also worked last summer as a copy boy.

A YOUNG WRITER born and raised in Israel, where he recently published a book of short stories, **Gideon Telpaz** now lives in Massachusetts and has just completed a first novel. . . . Our Chilean artist, **Fernando Krahn,** explores early techniques in hairdressing. . . . **John P. Roche** is chairman of the Department of Politics, Brandeis University. His most recent book, *The Quest for the Dream: The Development of Civil Rights and Human Relations in Modern America* (Macmillan), was reviewed in our issue of February 13. . . . **Anne Fremantle** is the author of, among other books, *This Little Band of Prophets:* (The British Fabians), *The Social Teachings of the Church,* and *The Age of Belief: The Medieval Philosophers,* all Mentor-Omega paperback originals. . . . **Robert S. Gallagher** has recently joined our staff.

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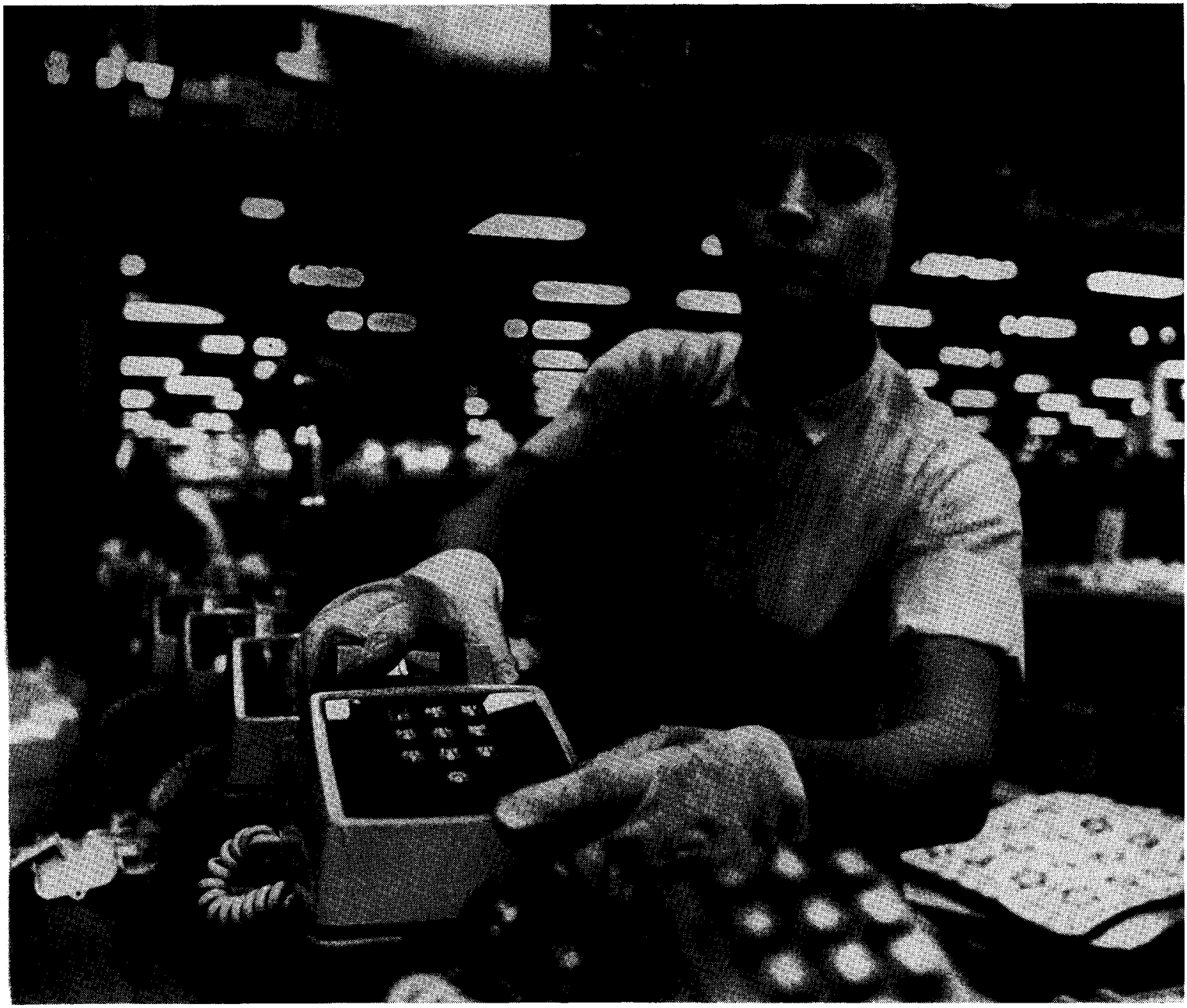

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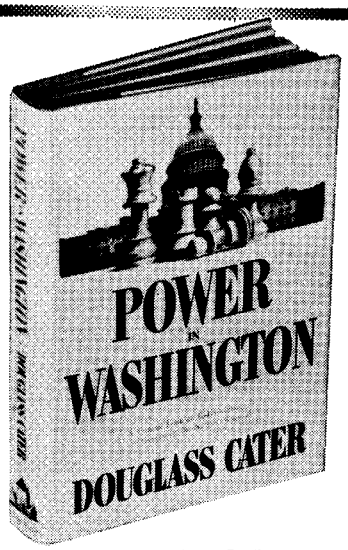

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GOVERNOR SCRANTON

To the Editor: The build-up of Bill Scranton is complete now that *The Reporter* has fallen into line with Paul Duke's little puff in your February 27 issue. Why doesn't anybody say what's obvious, that the only thing Bill Scranton's got is the fact that he isn't Goldwater, Rockefeller, Nixon, Lodge, or any of the other entries in the hopeless Republican sweepstakes? They're all such bums that any unknown quantity —which is definitely what Scranton is —is bound to attract a lot of hopeful attention.

GEORGE THOMAS
Philadelphia

To the Editor: "The Waiting Game of William W. Scranton" was aptly titled. It remains to be seen whether the old Stevenson game can be successfully played when there are other serious candidates in the field. Stevenson had everything in his favor back in 1952, we must remember—including a timely nudge from the White House. Despite Scranton's marked attractiveness, the cynics are probably right when they say there is no such thing as an honest draft.

PHYLLIS ARNOLD
Cleveland

To the Editor: It is the responsibility of the convention to nominate a man who has the capacity to be President and the ability to secure the office in the election.

Those who know Bill Scranton believe deeply in his capacity. He has character, an unusually fine mind and personal courage. In short, we believe he possesses in large measure the qualities the American people instinctively seek in their Presidents.

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CRAIG TRUAX
Chairman
Republican State Committee
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

DR. STRANGELOVE'S ARM

To the Editor: Jay Jacobs's review of Stanley Kubrick's film *Dr. Strangelove* (*The Reporter*, February 27) is properly laudatory but completely misses the point. "Knaves and fools" indeed are in command, but they are not "thwarted at every turn by an impersonal technology they can no longer control." The point of the film—the aspect which makes it so terribly frightening—is rather the fact that each of the principals (except the bumbling President) is such a total master of the technology at his command that he feels he can use it with complete impunity to attain his own ends. That each seeks to do so with no concern whatever for the consequences to his fellow men only heightens the horror of the spectacle.

The film's message is thus that it is not technology we must fear: it is the latent impulses of the men who are given control of it. They can play with it irresponsibly like kids with bright shiny new toys, or they can use it as a form of raw power for pugnacious self-aggrandizement.

The portrayal of the "former" Nazi, Dr. Strangelove, can leave no doubt that this is the message Kubrick had in mind. Strangelove has lost the use of both legs and wears a black glove on his semi-paralyzed right hand. *There is no basis for assuming that his right arm is artificial.* Strangelove has no difficulty controlling his right arm until it is evident that the holocaust is upon us and a few men in power will determine the destiny of all surviving members of mankind. This obviously is the moment Strangelove has been waiting for: it is his turn now to take over. His unbounded joy is such that his real identity breaks through the induced paralysis that enabled him to survive in the post-Nazi period. His gloved hand leaps up in the Nazi salute; he regains the use of his legs: the time is ripe for fascism to march again.

It is this response of Strangelove, not the explosion of the Doomsday mechanism, that is made the actual climax of the film. The unchecked perversion of the human spirit is more to be dreaded than the literal death that the bomb will bring.

JOHN I. SHIELDS
New York

'THE DEPUTY'

To the Editor: I disagree with Frederic V. Grunfeld's article on *Der Stellvertreter*, which appeared in your January 30 issue, when he states: Hochhuth's "thesis, basically, is that by maintaining official silence about the extermination of the Jews under Hitler, Pope Pius XII failed to carry out his mission as the Vicar of Christ." This is merely one incident, a symptom which is blown out of all proportion by the anger of the Roman Catholics, who failed to understand that a role on the stage is not a Pope in the Vatican.

The essence of this play is that it is a tragedy—and this is no "thesis." It is the failure of an unconditional love of truth and of the good to be successful in a world of brutality and stupidity. It is the essential human conflict of

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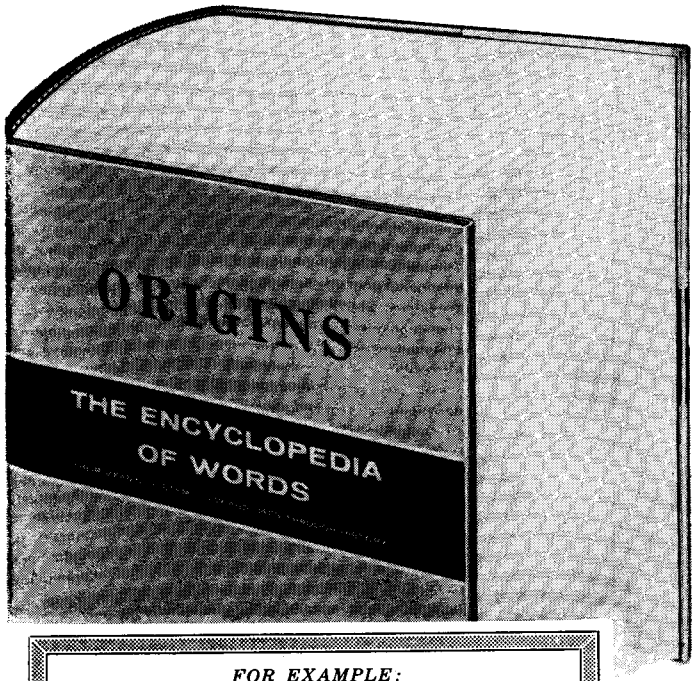

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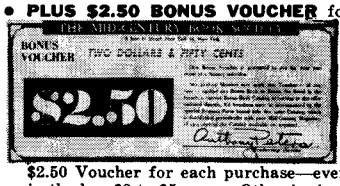

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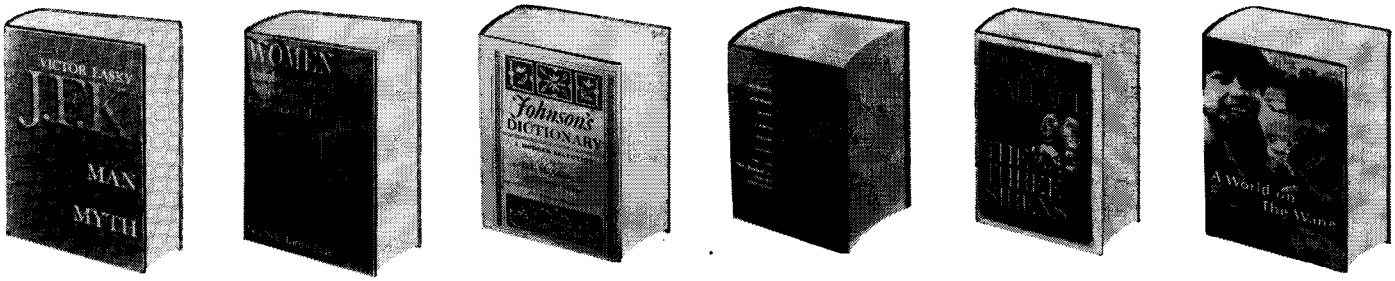

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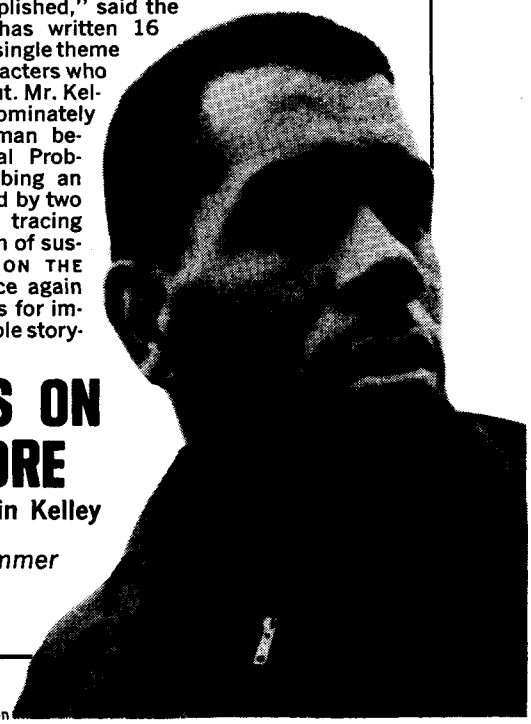
Bill Anderson

Geist versus *Ungeist*. This tragedy is carried out on both sides: the tragic hero in the Nazi system is Kurt Gerstein, and in the Roman Church, Riccardo Fontana. In both cases, an authoritarian mentality of blind obedience is on trial before a tribunal of an absolute conscience. As Mr. Grunfeld correctly observes, this tragedy is conceived in the spirit of Friedrich Schiller; Hochhuth has doubled Schiller's *Don Carlos* in his two "consientious objectors."

Can Americans ever recognize tragedy when they see one?

DR. GUSTAV E. MUELLER
Research Professor
The University of Oklahoma
Norman

To the Editor: In their very defense, the apologists for Pius XII damn him. The climax of Frederic Grunfeld's excellent article is Sebastian Haffner's irrefutable point: "Can the Vicar of Christ on earth, like a worldly statesman, act only if he has expectation of success? Aren't there cases when he must speak, even when nothing is improved, and some things may even be made worse?"

The Danes and the Bulgars, without power, resisted. Unlike Pius XII, they believed with Jesus that all things are possible. They surrendered no Jews and, as Hannah Arendt has pointed out, they converted even the local Gestapo to oppose Berlin's "final solution."

Pius XII was the inheritor and deputy not of Jesus but of crusaders and Inquisitors. For inheritors of Jesus, one should look to groups like Dorothy Day's Catholic Workers in America and Danilo Dolci's movement in Sicily.

MARVIN MANDELL
Hannawa Falls, New York

To the Editor: As a Catholic, I must say that I am convinced Hochhuth has been very unfair to Pius XII. But I am equally convinced that he has raised questions that must trouble us all. It is easy enough to say that the Germans did it and we didn't know about it; but isn't that just about what the travelers who preceded the Good Samaritan said to themselves when they encountered trouble that was none of their business?

FRANCES JORDAN
Boston

SCHOOL BOYCOTT

To the Editor: Thomas R. Brooks's analysis of the New York City school boycott (*The Reporter*, February 27) deserves high praise for its objectivity and incisive reporting. He subtly points out the complexity of the problems and emphasizes that true integration of the New York City schools can only be achieved through a co-operative effort of the Board of Education and civil-rights groups.

FREDERICK W. RICHMOND
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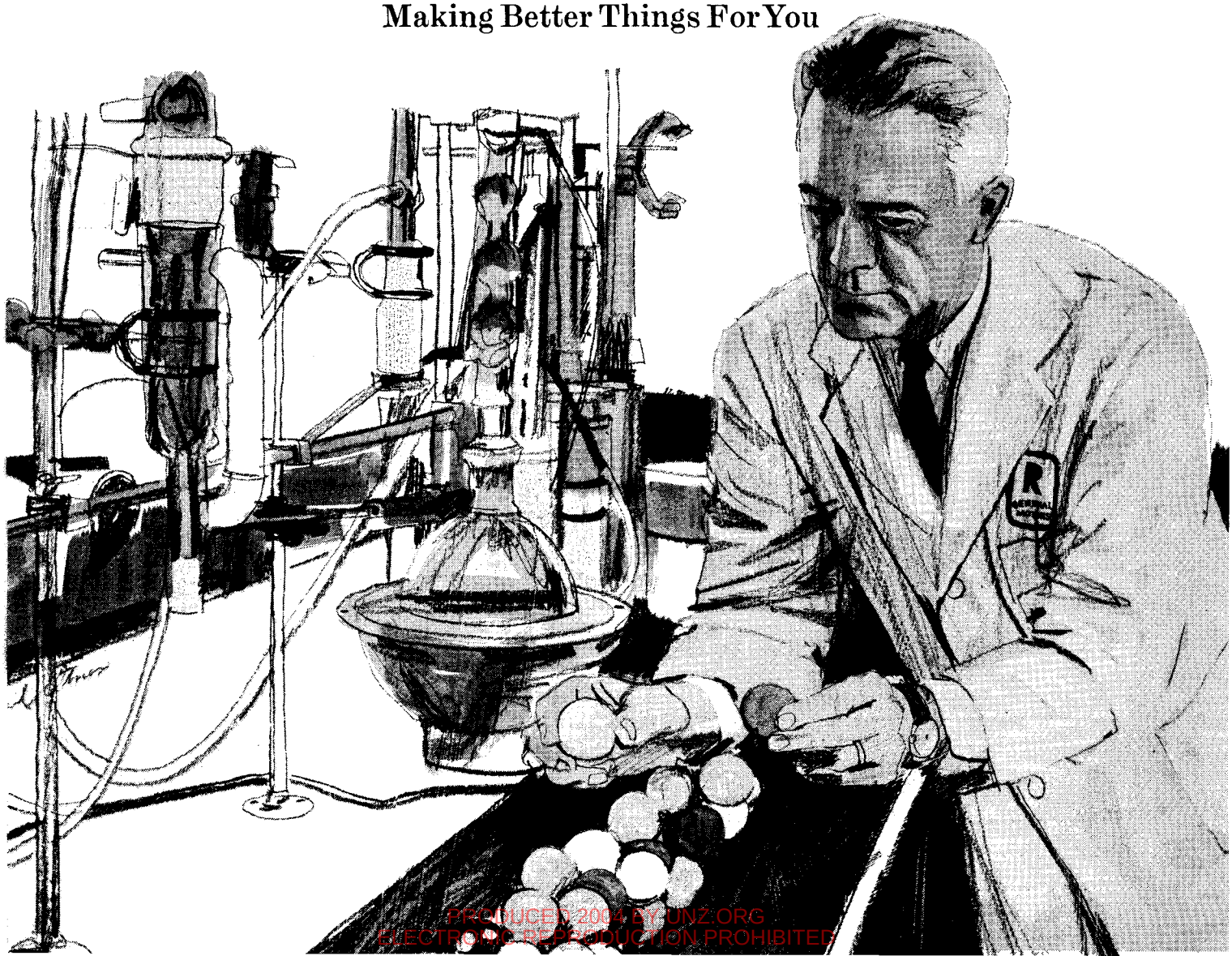

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

After New Hampshire

There are paintings by Robert Rauschenberg that are nothing but all-white canvases, designed only to catch the shadows of the spectators who pass before them; a piece of wall behind an empty picture frame, however, doesn't count as art. There is a dance by Paul Taylor in which a couple stands frozen in position from the time the curtain goes up until after it comes down; but being immobilized in an overcrowded subway car for a stop or two is not considered dancing. The famous piece of "silence" by John Cage, which can be played by any pianist with enough control to sit at a keyboard for several minutes without touching it, is called music; the pregnant pause before a sneeze is not. All of this seems perfectly clear. Art that is not art on purpose *is* art, you see, while non-art is not art at all—unless, of course, the non-art should accidentally look or sound like art, in which case it is. Art, that is. We don't underestimate the amount of work involved in achieving total contradiction for art's sake. It must be an awesome and arduous journey for the artist, standing before an empty canvas, to arrive back precisely where he started.

Now, none of this confuses us. What we are puzzled by instead is the New Hampshire primary—should we call it politics or should we call it art? Surely it carried the necessary contradictions of the latter. For Lodge, the winner, was not a candidate—unless it was by accident on purpose. And the two leading candidates who lost prefer to act triumphant. After all, their huffing and puffing has brought them back precisely where they started, a little east of nowhere. Senator Goldwater, in fact, commented on Ambassador Lodge's production much as if he were discussing contemporary techniques in spatial relationships. If this figure had been here instead of there, he said, measuring the distance between America and Vietnam, the picture would have been different.

Jean Tinguely created an enormous piece of "moving sculpture," called "Homage to New York," that attempted to smash, chew, and finally burn itself up when it was exhibited a few years ago. At least one of the Republican candidates now appears to be attempting a similar piece of work, in which he will rodeo, jet-stream, and finally talk himself out. Call it "Homage to New Hampshire," call it art if you will—but what's to be done about all those people out there who don't know anything about politics but know what they like?

●

It is no exaggeration to say that Lodge's promoters were as surprised at his victory as were the press and the public. Right up till the time the ballots were counted, the nation's first primary had been a mixture of work and fun for "field director" David Goldberg and his chief associates—Paul Grindle, a Massachusetts businessman, and Robert Mullen, a public-relations man from Washington. Hovering on the sidelines and ever straining to become more openly involved in things was the ambassador's son George, for whom both Goldberg and Grindle had worked in his unsuccessful 1962 effort to defeat Edward Kennedy for the Massachusetts Senate seat once held by John F. Kennedy.

In the beginning their efforts had the quality of a lark. There was the furniture borrowed from the neighboring Republican State Committee in Concord, the paltry two telephones installed in their headquarters. Through January and February, as Goldberg, Grindle, and two secretaries worked at their direct-mail program, they also played:

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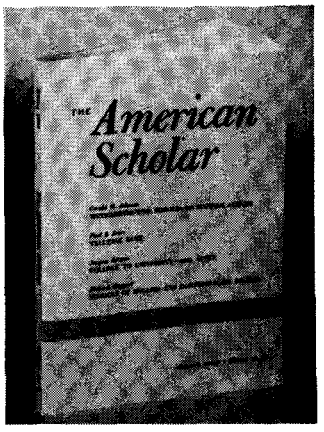

in the spring issue

ALFRED KAZIN
the American "cult of youth"

R. F. ARRAGON
history's changing image

PAUL B. SEARS
science—a plea for perspective

RICHARD HOGGART
contemporary society and the English language

GERALD W. JOHNSON
the cold war, a lagging economy, civil rights — "shadowboxing" the real issues

JACQUES BARZUN
the liberal arts tradition—dead or dying?

And book reviews by Wolf Von Eckardt, Ellen Joseph, James Rowe, Bentley Glass.

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they got free publicity by slipping their press releases into the Rockefeller press bus, and they even made public outlandish estimates of the erosion of Goldwater's support.

Once the votes were in, however, the element of fun quickly vanished, leaving unwanted problems in its place. In New Hampshire the Lodge delegates (mostly political unknowns who had filed for Lodge on their own) suddenly realized that they had beaten all the top state Republican politicians. Within a few hours, the amateurs suddenly sought to become "professionals," and Lodge's state chairman, J. Richard Jackman, a hitherto modest businessman, was passing the word that he would be interested in running for governor.

Goldberg was the first to admit that the state's voters' lack of enthusiasm for Senator Goldwater and Governor Rockefeller played an important part in the Lodge victory. He also knew that a Rockefeller poll of New Hampshire voters in January had shown widespread support there for Lodge. Now he claims to be convinced that the ambassador's popularity is nationwide, and he hopes to prove it in Oregon.

As Goldberg, Grindle, and their two secretaries laid plans to go out to Oregon, they were aware of the hazards ahead. The major Republican candidates will be attacking them from now on. The news media will critically and relentlessly follow their every move. Leaning up against the wall of the Yellow Room on the second floor of Concord's New Hampshire Highway Hotel on primary night, Goldberg took his first clear look at the future that success was bringing—and he seemed somewhat puzzled. Lodge and his supporters have created wistful roles for themselves. They can't very well quit, but it is hard to see how they can win, either.

A Senate Fantasy

There was high hilarity among the civil-righters the other day, as the Senate debate got started, when Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota scored a resounding point against Allen Ellender of Louisiana. Interrupting the drone of an incipient filibuster, Humphrey forced the aging Ellender into an admission that Negroes are, in fact, disfranchised in the South. When Ellender, in a burst of exasperation, declared that in some places "the few whites would be scared to death to have Negroes in charge of public office without qualification," Humphrey responded triumphantly by pointing to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Very quickly, Ellender was retired from the Senate floor as the Southerners called on Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, to lay down a Constitutional smoke screen for their cause.

It was illustrative of the tactical warfare we shall be reading about in coming weeks. The Southerners, once again generaled by Richard B. Russell of Georgia, have formed a platoon system to carry on the filibuster with a minimum of wear and tear among themselves. The Northern forces will attempt to make up in numbers and staying power what they lack in battlefield precision. The newspapers will undoubtedly describe every feint and maneuver.

Suppose, instead of indulging in all this forensic fighting, the Senate could become for one brief period the deliberative assembly it professes to be. Suppose the senator from Louisiana, or one of his embittered colleagues, could stand up and repudiate the heritage of discrimination that has impoverished their region and bankrupted its politics. Suppose the senator from Minnesota, or some of his allies, could concede that Ellender has a point worth considering when he describes the fears that blind so many of his constituents.

Reasoned deliberation among the senators might bring agreement that the existing package of civil rights cannot possibly overcome the whole burden of past neglect that has caused the South's present condition. There must also be accelerated educational programs and all the other welfare services that can help the backward Negroes Ellender worries about to help themselves.

But we know this is pure fantasy, for the filibuster will run its unreasoning course. Russell's regulars will dig in their heels to resist the change that is already sweeping their region. The civil-righters, fear-

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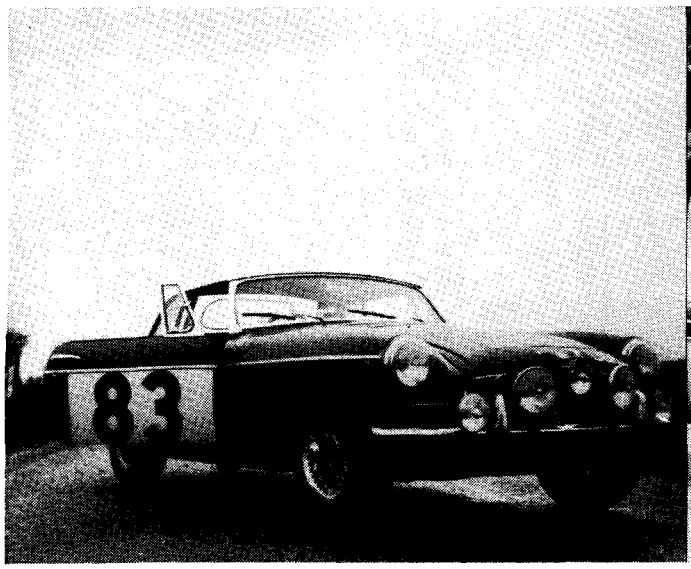

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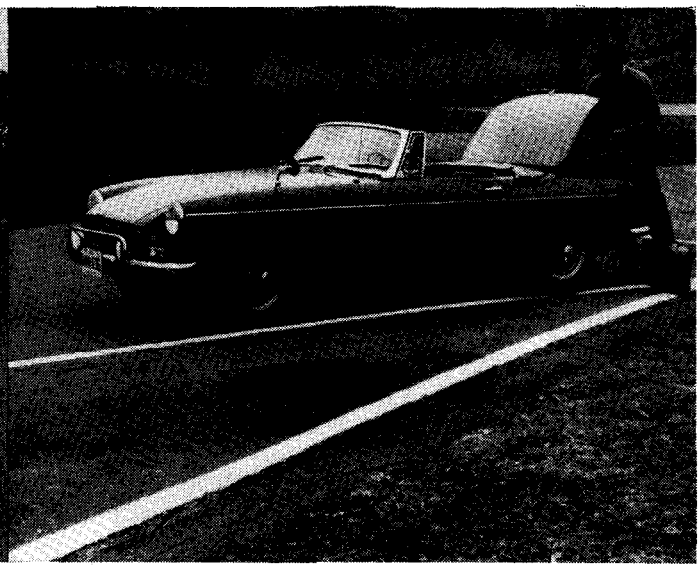

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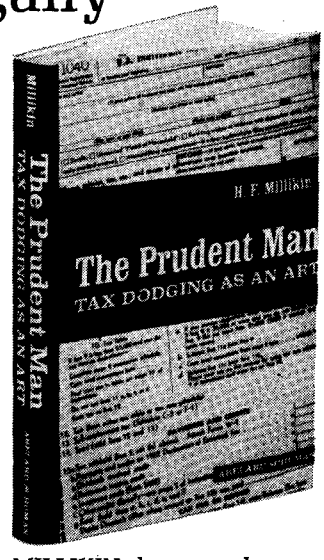
this book tells how to avoid taxes legally



H. F. MILLIKIN, long an observer of the big-time tax evaders, exposes the methods of the successful tax dodger. If you'd like to emulate them, Millikin shows you:

How to pad your expense account and get away with it... p. 24

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Why you have a friend at the Swiss National Bank... p. 72

Why the oil business is so interested in the 27½% fractionating process... p. 78

Why some writers write tax checks and others just write books... p. 119

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ing to shatter the uneasy alliance between Democrats and Republicans, will avoid any argument that would expose their flanks and perhaps prolong discussion.

It brings to mind the endless discussions of Reconstruction times. Then, too, the politicians of the North refused to face the fact that freeing the Negro and extending him the vote was only the beginning of emancipation. Then, the Southerners concentrated all their tactical skills on a delaying action for a decade until the North lost interest and Reconstruction came to an abrupt end.

But times have changed. Southern strategists may still dream of an electoral deadlock such as that between Hayes and Tilden in 1876, but the Negro, no longer a helpless pawn, has become both vocal and militant. This time, a delaying action will not do.

Keep Moving!

"One such proposal is that Istanbul's eighty thousand Greeks change places with Cyprus' 103,000 Turks . . . . Arnold Toynbee, who knows the Middle East well, has suggested the possibility of moving Greeks from Thrace into Cyprus, and moving Turks from Cyprus into Thrace. But the difference between the climate of Cyprus and Thrace presents an obstacle to this solution. Another idea has been to exchange the Greeks of the Greek island of Lesbos, or of Rhodes, with the Turks of Cyprus and give the island to Turkey . . . . In view of the . . . inflamed nationalism which now prevails in both Greece and Turkey, such exchanges do not look very feasible. What else is worth thinking about?" —WALTER LIPPMANN

TO TELL the truth, we hadn't realized how much there was to think about in the first place until we read Mr. Lippmann's recent column. Admittedly, the contemplated bussing about of entire Levantine populations may have struck some as being more in the nature of a game than a seriously proposed solution to the Cyprus crisis. But that was probably due to the somewhat seignorial tone of the article and the random use of such play terms as "change places with." As devotees of the old game of Monopoly, for instance, we immediately envisioned a game board providing many more thrills than are to be had from the simple trading of railroads for Park Place. "You have just passed Archbishop Makarios," the cards might say; "advance three islands and collect nine Turks." "You have landed on Premier Inonu. Forfeit Thrace."

We are aware, of course, that the new diplomacy that seeks to solve disputes by rearranging the people involved in them has many proponents who do not consider it a game at all. There were the Louisianians a few years back who were dead serious about paying Negro bus fares to New York. And occasionally there still is talk of a wholesale emigration of West Berliners to the Federal Republic as a way out of that city's particular problems. True, it is the movers rather than the moved who usually show the most enthusiasm for this sort of thing, but since the trend is growing we can no longer ignore it. To get in the spirit of things, we first put aside our fondness for games and second our sentimentality. You would be surprised how quickly it worked. Once we had overcome a nagging feeling that those few Thracians who had not read Toynbee might fail to understand the reason for their departure for Nicosia, the practicality of diplomacy by transportation became clear to us. In fact, we decided that the new diplomats had not gone nearly far enough.

Take Cyprus. Is the island of Rhodes really far enough away for the hapless Turks to be sent to? Wouldn't we all rest a little easier if they were resettled, say, on Formosa? The advantages are obvious. The Formosans could then go to Zanzibar (climate permitting), which would not only end their troubles with the Nationalist Chinese but would also make necessary the dispatch of Zanzibar's unwanted Arabs to some other place. We favor sending them to Cuba, except that we can't decide what to do with the Cubans. We considered sending them to Washington, but then we would have to find some other place for Walter Lippmann.

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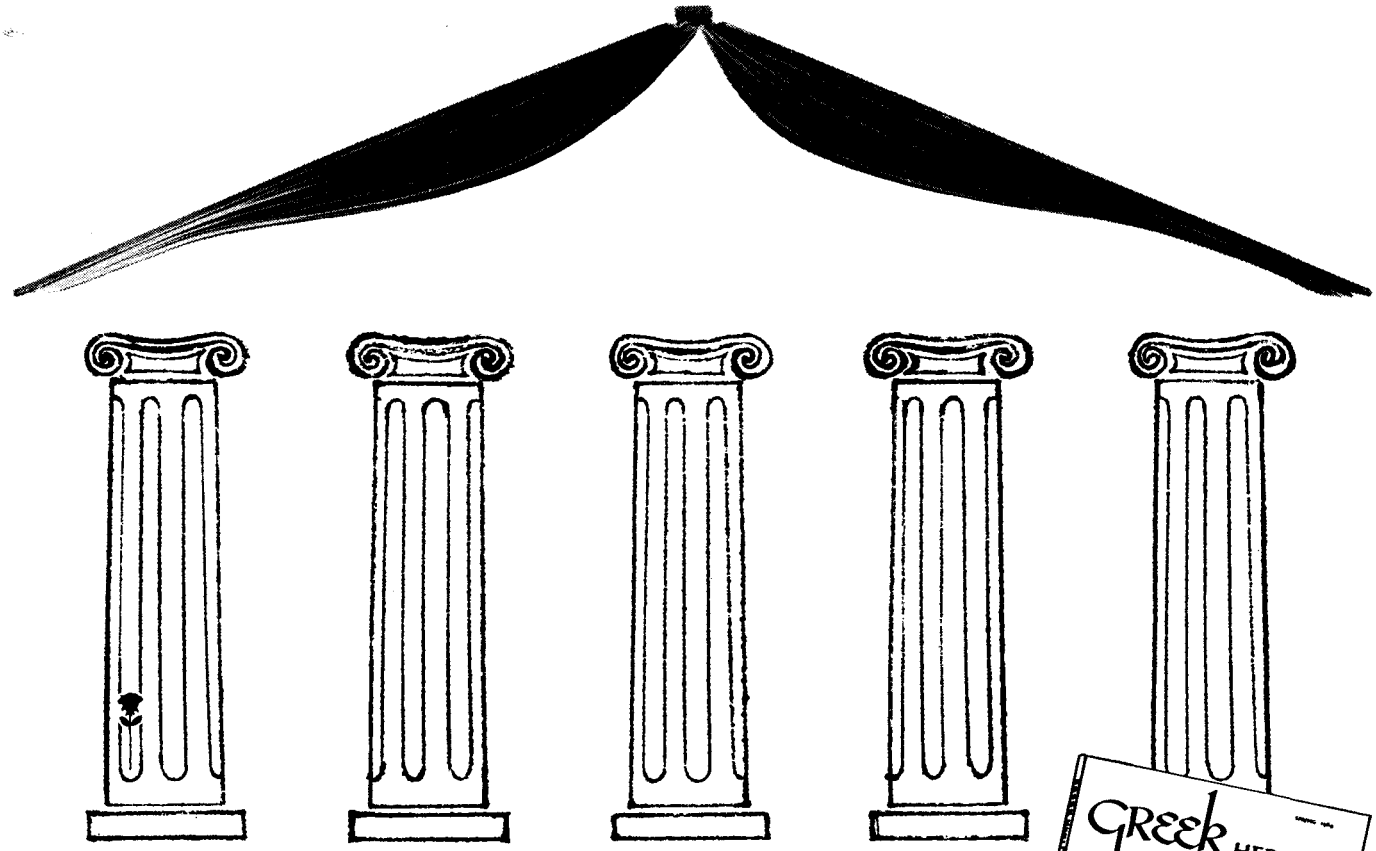

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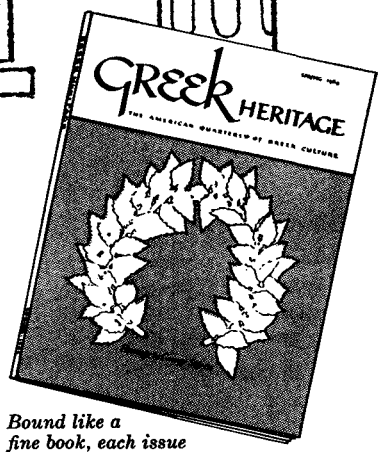

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MAX ASCOLI

The Greatest of These...

WITH SO MUCH of the national attention concentrated on poverty, the economists have been as busy as ever in providing us with indicators of averages, percentages of abundances and deficiencies, projections of trends, and the like. But computing machines and accountants, while indispensable for the quantitative measurement of social phenomena, cannot possibly be asked to define the phenomena or to prescribe the means for acting on them. Poverty is a blight on our society and cannot be left unrelieved or be allowed to become hereditary for some sections of the population. It cannot, for it violates the ethics on which our society rests.

Other kinds of societies, such as the primitive or the totalitarian, thrive and endure because of the enforced poverty of large masses of their populations, for the only protagonist is the community itself, organized in a system over which the people have no control. Our own society, on the contrary, is centered on the individual—or so we claim. One of the many evidences that this claim is true lies in the fact that poverty in our midst comes not from the deliberate will of government or of an exploiting class, but from conjunctures of accidents which deprive a number of individuals of that modicum of well-being which a moderate effort should bring within the reach of all.

A free society centered on the individual must, through the process of education, raise the individual toward what may be demanded of him. What history has created is alive and real only to the extent in which, step by step, it reaches the individual during his tender, formative years and is re-created by him. This implies no assumption of equal achievement or equal receptivity. Neither does it imply equality of talent. All that society demands is exposure to learning and a minimum degree of effort. This demand, for a number of years in the life of a youth, is compulsory—a compulsion exerted by public agencies. Through education, the push is given, the human machine is powered. Except that it is not a machine.

WHAT the individual receives from education is not a certificate entitling him to an identity of rewards, but the potentiality for self-realization and self-improvement. The center, the spring of it all, is the inner self, exposed to the shocks of an outer life that is lived with others and for others. Success, or conciliation between the inner and the outer self, can in no way be guaranteed; the balance, or what is called the social adjustment, can by no means be considered as the result of a happy, ever-predictable automation. But the best evidence of the unbreakable solidarity that exists among men in a free society is the fact that when a man or any number of men fail, through any number of reasons, to articulate or unfold the self that is in them, their idleness is bound to become the care of the society to which they belong.

When this happens society is the poorer, and the individual who happens to be poor is the poorest if he becomes reconciled to his condition in lazy self-abasement, and if that condition is lazily accepted by society. Here is the major obstacle to the attacks on the blight of poverty. The causes of poverty and the forms it takes are as infinitely varied as the ways to attack it. But the one principle which is essential is that, to relieve poverty the individual's will for self-improvement must be reactivated and provided with available outlets. Poverty cannot be outlawed wholesale by remedial subsidies or by unending bounties. Well-being or, as it is called, affluence can be made compulsory and universal, but only for cattle.

A free society like ours has already learned, and is learning better and better, how to care for those who are physically handicapped by nature—the blind, the crippled, even those who are to an extent mentally deficient—by giving them the opportunity to face tests they can meet so as not to be deprived of their chance for self-improvement. Society is also learning how to deal with those whose disabilities are of their own making. In our days, even the inadequacy of self-respect can at least be tackled if those who are so afflicted are given help.

THE ACCEPTANCE of poverty on the part of its victims as a permanent, incurable condition, to be transmitted by its sufferers from generation to generation; the public reconciliation with this blight on the ground of any fancied economic or technological causes; the notion that poverty should be the concern of society and not that of the individual man who happens to be poor—all these are greater evidences of social evil than poverty itself. This reveals a poverty of the spirit, a routinized approach to poverty, emptied of charity and emptied of love.

Certainly it was charity and love for the poor that prompted President Johnson to take his positions on poverty. But politicians are prone to use fiery slogans, and this is why the President came to call his and our country's renewed concern for the poor—of all things—a war.

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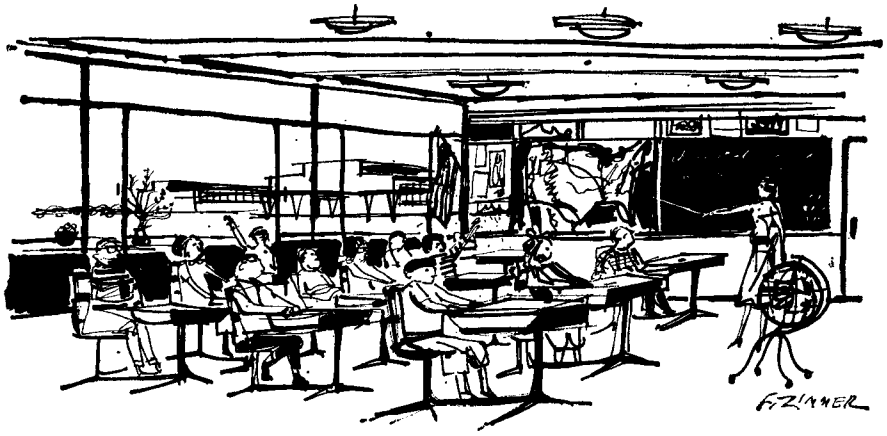

Manpower Planning and the New Pariahs

ELY M. BRANDES

JAMES DIERKE, an assistant school superintendent in San Francisco, recently came forth with an unusual proposal for dealing with the problem of school dropouts. He suggested that all high-school students be given duly certified diplomas, regardless of whether they had passed their examinations or not. Dierke was willing to grant that there might be some merit in letting the diplomas so issued be annotated to indicate whether the recipient had mastered the arts of reading and writing, but he deplored any further certification of scholastic achievement.

This modest proposal, it should be noted, came in response to a complaint by the San Francisco welfare department that the school system's failure to graduate enough students was the immediate cause of the dropout problem. What Dierke was saying with his wry reply, then, was simply that if we have created a society in which the very possibility of any individual's economic usefulness requires his possession of a high-school diploma, the obvious solution is to degrade the diploma to the level of a birth certificate, presented amid appropriate commencement ceremonies some eighteen years after the fact.

HOW SERIOUS or even real is the problem of high-school dropouts? For more than a year the nation's publications have been filled with articles and reports about this social problem of teen-agers who are unwilling or unable to complete their high-school courses. The articles are full of facts and figures—all undoubtedly valid—detailing the present plight of these young people in finding employment and forecasting an even dimmer future. President Johnson's annual Manpower Report, which was sent to Congress just a few days ago, states that ". . . nearly a million young people are leaving our educational system each year before completing even elementary or secondary school." The report also points out that "Two-thirds of the unemployed have less than a high-school education. One of every twelve workers with only elementary school is unemployed, compared with only one of seventy college graduates."

And yet there is a strange air of unreality about this problem of the dropouts, or at least about the way it has been defined, if one considers that fifty years ago the vast majority of our youngsters left school without obtaining a high-school diploma. Has our economy changed to such an extent that we can no longer utilize janitors, hospital attendants, truck drivers, gardeners, waitresses, and many other workers in the service trades, unless they are high-school graduates? True, some jobs that were once rated as unskilled now require, for instance, the ability to read and write and to do simple arithmetic, but on the whole technology has affected these jobs primarily by making them less burdensome. Generally they are no more complex now than they were ten or even fifty years ago, although the proportions have changed: fifty years ago one job in eight was unskilled; today the ratio is one in twenty. Technology has definitely not eliminated these jobs, nor is it apt to do so in the foreseeable future. The service industries, in fact, have provided the greater part of all new jobs in our economy since the end of the war.

The dropout problem was not created by the inability of nongraduates to perform the more or less menial tasks in society. The problem exists because employers will not hire dropouts even for low-grade service jobs if they can possibly avoid doing so.

This is not to say that this normal screening process would not have occurred if the term "dropout" had never gained currency and that many of the same youngsters would have been jobless anyway. But without our penchant for categorization and problem making, they might have escaped the additional burden of being branded as members of a separate clan of pariahs.

The dropout problem, which has occupied so much of the time and attention of our public officials in recent months, must be seen in its proper perspective as one aspect of

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a far larger program, that of "manpower planning," on which the Federal government formally embarked in 1962. The Manpower Development and Training Act passed in that year attracted interest primarily because of its training provisions. The public had become aware of "structural unemployment," of workers whose skills had become obsolescent through automation, and the act promised specific relief in the form of retraining programs. In fact, this measure was primarily regarded as a companion piece to the Area Redevelopment Act, and both were designed to give immediate assistance to distressed areas.

But that portion of the Manpower Act which dealt with "development" focuses not on the present but on the future; its avowed purpose, in the words of the first Manpower Report submitted to Congress by President Kennedy last March, is "to anticipate and prepare to meet the country's future manpower requirements." The report further stated that the "Act represents a mandate to the Department of Labor for new dimensions of leadership and action in strengthening the nation's human resources." President Johnson's second annual Manpower Report states the same problem in almost identical language.

This program represents a remarkable new Federal venture. Though similar to previous governmental programs in the field of education and employment, it goes far beyond them in scope and intent. For the first time, the Federal government assumes, through this act, a continuing responsibility for defining the nation's manpower goals and requirements and for initiating policies to meet them. In oversimplified terms, the Federal government has set itself the task of forecasting the number of square, round, and odd-shaped holes that will be open in the future; and it will also seek to supply the necessary pegs in the required numbers.

THE ENTIRE CONCEPT of manpower planning is a relatively new one. It had its origin in the Second World War, and the problems that fostered its growth then were highly practical: the armed forces, faced with an influx of millions of men, wanted to base their gigantic task of personnel assignment on something better than pure chance. This first experiment in the efficient use of our human resources was not entirely successful, as anyone who had even a passing acquaintance with the services during this period can attest. But even the failures were instructive.

The new science got a second and even greater boost during the 1950's, when the economists discovered and nearly appropriated it. The occasion of this rediscovery was our involvement with foreign aid, more specifically our concern with the economic problems of underdeveloped countries.

Until then most economists had tended to ignore the qualitative aspects of a labor force and concentrated primarily on measuring its actual or potential size. Even advanced economic models of national economies considered the qualitative aspects of a labor force as fixed, with no speculation about the changes in output that might be affected by an upgrading of that labor force. And it was shown that there can be a crucial labor shortage even in the midst of poverty and distress.

While most of the original work was done for underdeveloped countries, this new knowledge also found quick application in this country. The plight of the depressed areas and the issue of "structural" unemployment, both of which arose during the late 1950's, were recognized as being basically of a manpower nature, problems of individuals whose economic skills

—if they had any—were unsuited for their environment. Measures designed to stimulate total demand and increase our economic growth rate would not necessarily benefit those unfortunate individuals whom progress had somehow passed by. In this context, training or retraining of the affected individuals, if at all possible, appears a more practical way of dealing with the problem. And the Manpower Development and Training Act provides for such training.

Opportunity: The Basic Tool

But Congress did not wish to stop with remedial actions designed to alleviate current problems; it wanted to plan their future elimination as well. Out of this desire came the development portion of the act. And Congress, unlike the general public, did not underestimate the importance of this long-range portion of the act. A great part of the testimony offered before the Senate subcommittee on Employment and Manpower concerned the desirability of manpower planning. Practically all the experts who appeared before the committee agreed that such planning was necessary. They emphasized that the basic changes in our economy, notably automation, which had produced the problem of workers unfit for present employment opportunities, would not only continue but would accelerate. And manpower planning, they felt, was the only answer.

The experts recommended indirect methods rather than frontal attacks. The G.I. Bill of Rights, whose ostensible purpose was to reward a generation of veterans for service to their country, was in fact a manpower measure by indirection. Another was the soil-bank plan, which paid farmers to keep land out of cultivation and thus reduced the demand for agricultural labor; this in turn increased our industrial labor supply, particularly in the South.

Unfortunately, no brilliant new plans were incorporated into the act, and the development portion of the final manpower bill is devoid of any specific measures. It simply entrusts the Department of Labor with the primary job of manpower planning and requires the President to submit

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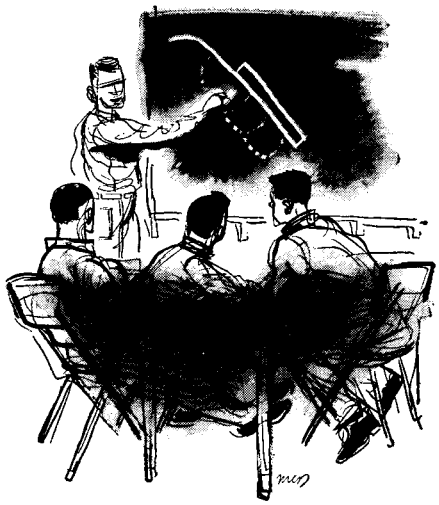
an annual Manpower Report to the Congress.

The first Manpower Report, submitted by President Kennedy a year ago, is in many ways a remarkable document. The actual Presidential report occupies only a few pages in a very hefty book. Yet for all its brevity the report managed to make nearly all the good points that can be made on this subject. The Federal government, Kennedy wrote, has a long tradition—stretching from the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, to the Morrill Act which set aside Federal land for use by "land grant" colleges, to the G.I. Bill of Rights—of actions and programs designed to enlarge people's opportunities for education and training and thus enhance their economic usefulness. Providing opportunity is the basic tool of a free government in this field. Recent events, the late President continued, have made our present arsenal of tools inadequate for the task.

Mr. Kennedy was careful to point up the effectiveness of indirection in manpower policy, and suggested that many parts of his legislative program were really manpower measures. The tax bill and the Civil Rights bill could make contributions in this field that would be on equal footing with the more direct programs, such as the Youth Employment Act and aid to higher education. He also called for a greater willingness to experiment in this field.

THE NEED for further experimenting will doubtless increase, as President Johnson's second annual Manpower Report makes clear. It is also worth noting that the importance and scope of the program has become such that the Manpower Report itself has now become the fourth major executive proposal of the legislative year (after the State of the Union Message, the Budget Message, and the Economic Report).

In his report, President Johnson initiated two major administrative actions. The first is a study of the impact of automation and technological change on workers, unions, and firms, to be conducted by the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy. The second is the establishment of a President's Committee on Manpower to appraise, among other matters, the present and future labor-force requirement of the national economy.



The basic method by which the government's fantastically complicated planning effort is to be accomplished is to provide information that might guide young people in their selection of careers. In other words, to accomplish our goal of producing the right numbers of engineers, physicians, or teachers, we have to know first how many of these we shall need and when.

The Department of Labor is candid enough to admit that we do not have accurate information on this point. But the department is pretty sure that the increased demand will be for technically trained people; and to qualify our young people for these jobs, at least potentially, it is considered essential to keep them in school, certainly through the twelfth grade. And here, as the Labor Department begins to view with alarm, we are once more back with the dropout problem. "The country," according to one gloomy official statement, "simply cannot afford to go on permitting thirty or forty per cent of its young people to drop out of school before graduation."

A Confusion of Objectives

All this sounds eminently logical. But is it really? During the decade from 1965 to 1975, an average of about 3.8 million Americans will turn eighteen each year, as against only about 2.5 million during the 1950's. No matter how rapidly our demand for technically trained people is likely to grow, it could easily be filled by the sheer increase in numbers without any change in the proportion of high-school or college graduates. So the present rate of dropouts is not in itself apt to keep us from having all the engineers we need or from attaining whatever heights of technical training we might aspire to.

The dropouts must therefore be undesirable for other reasons. What it really boils down to is that their presence is inconsistent with our view of a free society that provides opportunity for all. Furthermore, given the present rate of unemployment, we would rather keep youngsters out of the labor market as long as possible anyway. But granting all this, can we solve the problem simply by issuing a lot of dire warnings to teen-agers that a life of economic uselessness awaits them unless they mend their ways? Unfortunately, this is precisely the method we seem to be following. All across the country, special groups have been formed to assist and counsel high-school students. These groups will undoubtedly be able to point to many individual success stories, thereby aggravating the difficulties of the millions who are not—and cannot be—so fortunate.

Thus the origin of this problem can really be traced to a confusion of objectives. A measure primarily designed to provide our nation with more skilled workers suddenly became a program to eradicate ignorance.

THE PRIMARY DANGER of our present approach to the dropout problem is that in seeking to reduce its size we are hardening its core. Problems associated with failures cannot be measured solely by counting the afflicted. In dealing or trying to deal with the problem of the dropouts, we are still planning in the dark—partly because we lack sufficient information, but largely because of a tendency to go on approaching the problem as a purely economic one, without giving adequate attention to the social and moral considerations. Put in the simplest terms, we have not yet found a way of raising the quality of our labor force without branding those who are bound to be left behind as pariahs.

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It Will Be a Long War

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

In what the President has called an "unconditional war" on poverty, the administration is aiming at nothing less than the destruction of the cultural conditions that cause and perpetuate poverty in the United States. Because this is a vast and largely unexplored territory and because so many different disciplines will be called upon to penetrate it, an evaluation of the administration's program on economic grounds alone is impossible. Precisely how long it will last and what it will cost is anybody's guess. Nevertheless, some educated estimates about the program's future are worth noting. For example, Robert Lampman of the University of Wisconsin thinks that thirty years is a feasible goal. Another economist, one of the principal architects of the administration's strategy, contends that at least two generations will be needed to eradicate poverty in East Harlem alone. In sum, the most informed guesses foresee a campaign lasting several decades.

Lampman's views are entitled to special respect on several grounds. His paper in 1959 before the Joint Economic Committee was the first of the recent attempts to define and describe the dimensions of contemporary poverty. Lampman's unique contribution was to demonstrate that the percentage of the population defined as poverty-stricken fell rapidly during the first postwar decade of reasonably high employment and relatively healthy growth, but much more slowly in the next few years of a lackluster economy. This effectively rebutted the contention that modern poverty is unrelated to the economy's total health. Last spring, when Walter W. Heller, the President's chief economic adviser, first determined to spur an attack on poverty, he turned to Lampman —then on Heller's staff—for a broad design.

To gauge the progress of the campaign, Lampman has devised the concept of the withdrawal rate. This is a measure of the number who each year climb above a set level defined as the poverty line. The idea of a withdrawal rate is likely to become a fixture in the government's planning. Given the current definition of poverty as a family income under $3,000, Lampman concludes that a withdrawal rate of a million a year is within reach of the programs that a Johnson administration is likely to adopt. This rate assumes a high level of employment and some acceleration of economic growth. Since more than thirty million Americans are now below the poverty line, an annual withdrawal rate of one million implies at least a thirty-year program.

This may look like a modest pace, but it is well above the rate sustained even during the buoyant decade after the Second World War. Between 1947 and 1957, Lampman estimates, about 800,000 a year rose from the poverty level. In the next five years, the rate fell to about 500,000. This decline was the result of sluggish growth, high unemployment, and a slower gain in the payments made directly to the poor from Social Security and other channels of transferring income. The economy's recent torpor, then, has left the nation with a deficit of 1.5 million who might otherwise have escaped from poverty. Against this background, Lampman's suggested yearly target of a million withdrawals appears more ambitious; it is in fact approximately double the recent rate.

In a recent conversation with me, Lampman discussed other proposals to transfer income. If Social Security payments were doubled, five million aged persons could be removed at once from the poverty rolls at a yearly cost of $6 billion. Lampman pointed out that in other countries, Canada and Great Britain for example, for years government allowances have been paid to families with children. These payments have helped rescue some deserted, divorced, and widowed mothers and their children from poverty. Indeed, nothing short of such direct payments is likely to do much for the impoverished aged, the fully disabled, and the poverty-stricken female heads of families. If Johnson is elected in November, his next administration probably will press for higher Social Security benefits and perhaps other welfare payments. But under the constraints of the current budget, direct payments of any significant size are simply not on this administration's agenda. A more limited program directed largely to rescuing some of those who can make a productive contribution is the most that the government economists envision now.

The long-range arithmetic of the economists follows these lines: $3 to $4 billion a year is now spent—or, perhaps more accurately, misspent—on scattered programs affecting the poor. The new programs, which will add less than $1 billion to the total effort in fiscal 1965, will be augmented by $2 to $3 billion annually in the next few years. At the peak, the Federal government will spend more than $6 billion a year on the poor. In perhaps ten years, these officials suggest, the Federal share of the costs might decline and state and local governments could be expected to pick up more of the burden.

Assumptions and Conclusions

The administration's strategy for its drive against poverty draws on a wide variety of sources; indeed, nobody can assert with authority what will and won't work. Even so, a set of common assumptions and conclusions underlies the whole project. Here are four essential points that guided the administration:

¶ Because of the current budget restraints and the commitment to hold down public spending, at present the government can employ only limited resources for the huge problem it has chosen to deal with. A memorandum that circulated among the Cabinet in early November made this point explicit.

¶ There are already a host of ill-defined programs to help the poor at the Federal, state, and local levels. They are scattered, unco-ordinated, and often duplicating. For example, in one small area of New York, ten

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agencies are tackling the problems of children on probation.

¶ Poverty is found in two general settings, but only one is strongly resistant to advances in the economy as a whole. Poverty when found in the midst of plenty is relatively easy to deal with. For instance, the children of the impoverished Negroes clustered on a few streets in the comfortable Georgetown section of Washington are able to attend relatively good schools and live in an atmosphere that encourages them to look for a better life. Poverty in the midst of poverty, as in eastern Kentucky or Harlem, poses problems of a different order. Here the whole environment fosters a circular process that traps whole generations.

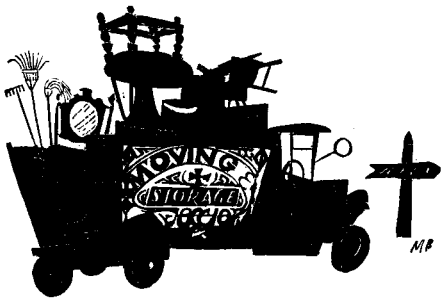
¶ Some of the planners believe that the tax cut will provide job openings on a larger scale than has been officially forecast. This thesis is disputed both within and without the administration. In any event, it may never be fully tested. Next year, it is quite possible that the budget restraints will be lifted and welfare and public-works spending will be permitted to rise. This prospect will be enhanced if the administration's promise of reducing military expenditures is fulfilled.

From this blend of fact and forecast, the administration drew several conclusions. Programs must rehabilitate impoverished human beings and prepare them for more productive lives. Although direct relief is necessary for some, it won't be granted because of the budget curbs. Thus public works and those measures designed for relief alone should be minimized, and a greater effort made in education and programs that increase the ability of the poor to improve their condition.

Finally, it was agreed that direct attacks must be launched in the sectors where poverty is concentrated and institutionalized, such as the South Side slums of Chicago and the played-out mining communities of West Virginia. This attack must be launched on a broad front, against the whole environment. It cannot be limited to better housing or better schools or vocational training. The principal beneficiaries should be the young, and the principal stratagem on this sector must be to bring the present scattered programs together in some coherent fashion. Also, community leaders must be drawn into the planning. Because of the limit on resources, the campaign may be pushed in only seventy-five communities this year and twice that number the next. But such an approach will yield more dividends than thinly financed programs on a national scale.

So much for the underlying theory. In practice, of course, the administration program will take many forms. One important element consists of camps to teach basic reading and arithmetical skills to youths rejected by the draft. This is precisely the kind of program that supposedly was to be shunned, since it overrides the master plan of working through the community and applies a remedy nationally to one age group among the poverty-stricken.

But tearing apart and rebuilding



impoverished environments is a slow process. The camps were accepted largely because the newly appointed director of the poverty program, Sargent Shriver, insisted on something that would bring quick and visible results. Indeed, Shriver was named in part to bring peace among the various departments and agencies with competing interests in the program, as well as to charm Congress. The Labor Department, for one, had to abandon much of its hope of contributing to the campaign by creating new jobs particularly suited to the limited skills of the poor. Labor Department officials wanted a large slice of the available resources spent on projects to clean up cities, service public buildings, and the like. In one heated session at the White House late in January, high officials from Labor and five other departments went at each other for several hours without coming close to an agreement. In the end, however, fragments of each agency's proposals will survive.

The Sanguine Approach

The public response to the President's declaration caught nearly everyone in government by surprise except perhaps Mr. Johnson himself, who is largely responsible for designating the poverty program as an "unconditional war." Before President Kennedy's death, his aides were employing bloodless titles like "Human Conservation and Development" or "Access to Opportunity." They had tentatively settled on "Widening Participation in Prosperity—An Attack on Poverty."

One day after President Johnson took office, he gave his blessing to Heller's project. By now the idea has won applause from virtually every sector but the extreme Right. In Congress, the Republican members of the Joint Economic Committee did not follow Barry Goldwater, who had suggested that poverty is the fault of the poor themselves and that the Federal government had no business worrying about it. Instead, the committee members outlined their own thoughtful seven-point program for conducting the war. For the most part, these points are incorporated in the administration's campaign. But they include one—research on the link between population control and poverty—on which the administration has so far remained conspicuously silent.

The whole enterprise is a natural for Democrats hungry to re-create some of the fervor of the New Deal days. Since the three Kennedy years were largely devoted to programs long sought by businessmen, it was especially necessary that the White House produce an issue like this in 1964. The issue came ready to hand. The rising pressure of the Negroes for a full share in the benefits of American life, coupled with a wider recognition of the damage being done to our society by neglect of the underprivileged at large, created a massive demand that cannot be met without an attack on poverty at large.

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Is Hoffa Finished?

A. H. RASKIN

JIMMY HOFFA is a loner. He fought his way to the top of the country's largest and strongest union with the defiant boast: "Hoffa don't need nobody; Hoffa can do this job alone." It took guts, muscle, energy, brains—and ruthlessness. Hoffa has them all, a combination that makes it foolish to count him out, even now that he has been found guilty of jury tampering and been sentenced to eight years in prison.

In the "Guys and Dolls" world of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America, there is nothing incongruous about the possibility of Hoffa's maintaining his rule over 1.5 million truck drivers and a strategic segment of the country's transportation lifeline from a prison cell. As a man who has spent most of the last seven years on trial, preparing for trial, or figuring ways to avoid standing trial, Hoffa has had plenty of occasion for thought about what he would do if the government finally made one of its criminal charges stick.

No guesswork is needed on the nature of Hoffa's thoughts. He confided them last year to two research economists from the Institute of Industrial Relations at the University of California, who were making a study of the Teamster power structure. Sandwiched in their meticulously detailed report on the intricacies of the union's collective bargaining machinery was the disclosure that "One of Hoffa's idols is Joe Fay. . . ."

Fay is the New York-New Jersey union racketeer who was convicted of extortion in 1947 and distinguished himself by continuing his dominant influence over the construction trade unions in the metropolitan area right up to the time he was released from prison in 1956. A Who's Who of labor, industry, and politics trooped to Sing Sing to visit Fay, and his power did not cease even when Governor Thomas E. Dewey ordered him shifted in 1953 to isolated Clinton Prison in Dannemora, to finish out his term. Fay's admiring flock gave him and Mrs. Fay $238,000 in payments and special benefits while he was behind bars.

The California researchers—Professor Ralph James and his wife, Estelle—sum up Hoffa's reaction to the Fay experience with scholarly detachment: "Hoffa enjoys pointing out that Fay continued to make crucial decisions from prison, and clearly conceives of this as a possibility for himself as well."

The expectation among many union insiders is that if all of Hoffa's appeals fail, he will try to rule the International through a puppet president, even though no union rule compels him to relinquish his $75,000-a-year job while in jail. The 1961 Teamster convention, with Hoffa presiding and serving as chairman of the constitution committee, nullified a clause in the old constitution prescribing expulsion for members convicted of crimes that brought dishonor on the union.

Congress has also given Hoffa an out—in the very act designed to curb him. It adopted the Landrum-Griffin labor-reform law in 1959 primarily to cut Hoffa down to his five-foot-five size, but the legislators did not include jury tampering among the offenses that automatically bar unionists from office and keep them out for five years after they complete their prison terms.

No One Speaks Up

The real key to Hoffa's future lies with the union's fifteen-member executive board. It has the power to oust him by a two-thirds vote, and it could frustrate any attempt by Hoffa to maintain control through a caretaker administration. The maneuvers of the executive board, however, are as full of intrigue, fright, and tangled ambitions as a Kafka novel, with overtones of Ian Fleming.

Hoffa has only two dependable allies left on the board: Frank Fitzsimmons, whom he left in command of his home local in Detroit, and Anthony (Tony Pro) Provenzano of Union City, New Jersey, whose troubles with the law are almost as chronic as Hoffa's. The rest of the International vice-presidents have been alienated by Hoffa's hunger for power, his almost total incapacity to delegate real authority, his erosion of local-union autonomy, and, most of all, the personal humiliations and abuse he dispenses in massive doses to those around him.

For the last two years he has been increasingly irascible and prone to bursts of sudden violence. One irreverent organizer who responded to a series of barked orders with a mock Nazi salute and a "Hail, Caesar!" had an ashtray thrown at him. The climax came after President Kennedy's death. When Harold J. Gibbons of St. Louis, Hoffa's executive assistant, informed him that he was issuing a message of condolence in the union's name, Hoffa reviled him so unsparingly that his secretary burst into tears. Gibbons and five other Hoffa aides abruptly resigned from his personal staff, thereby depriving their unlettered chief of the closest thing to a "brain trust" he would tolerate in his entourage.

BUT the so-called palace revolt never went past the grumbling stage. It still hasn't. A majority of the board members have indicated privately that they would be happy to overthrow Hoffa now, but three requisites are lacking: (1) No one has the courage to make the first move against Hoffa, even now that the legend of his invincibility has been dented; (2) his enemies cannot agree on who should get the top job; (3) the rank and file still seem so loyal to Hoffa—"the man who brings them back the highest buck"—that he could probably win re-election at a special convention if the board did oust him.

The anti-Hoffa faction has already backed away from its first test of strength. Its original intent was to demand that Hoffa take an immediate leave of absence if the Federal

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court jury in Chattanooga found him guilty. But when the moment of truth came, there was no sponsor for such a motion. Instead, Gibbons urged that everybody reserve judgment on the validity of the verdict until Hoffa has exhausted all his appeals, and the rest of the board agreed. Hoffa himself made it clear that he had no intention of bowing out. "The union members are behind Hoffa all the way because of what he's done for them," was his modest self-appraisal.

The net effect has been to assure Hoffa of immunity from any attempted putsch during the process of court review. That could take as long as two years, in which he will still remain master of the union's glass-and-marble palace near the Capitol, its new nationwide trucking agreement, and its treasure-store of union, pension, and welfare funds. Before the final court decision is rendered, it may be time for the next regular convention in 1966. That occasion would undoubtedly be converted into a pro-Hoffa saturnalia even more raucous than the one in 1961, when bands, firecrackers, horns, models in bathing attire, and exploding balloons paid strident tribute to the "Teamsters' Teamster" for his victories over the combined assaults of the White House, the McClellan subcommittee, the Justice Department, and the AFL-CIO.

The 102nd Floor

But if all this implies that Hoffa is still able to snub his detractors, other considerations make his job security a dubious long-term risk. The first is Hoffa himself. For all his cunning, his tirelessness, and the somewhat malevolent magnetism that enables him to cow those he cannot enthrall, he bears the Dostoevskian mark of a man determined to engineer his own destruction.

One Hoffa intimate described this characteristic just before Hoffa was elected to the Teamster presidency at the height of the McClellan investigation in 1957: "This is a man who never knows when to stop. He'll keep going up until he reaches the 102d floor, and then, not realizing he's at the top, he'll step off and break his neck."

A Teamster lawyer put it somewhat differently after Hoffa had been indicted in the case that led to his conviction: "Jimmy is sure nothing ever happens on the level in our society. He always has to 'improve' things to make sure they come out his way. Before he gets through, he 'improves' a misdemeanor into a felony."

The end of his long invulnerability to prosecution may have been a product of just this cynical determination to overensure that things would "come out his way." When Hoffa was indicted by a Federal

grand jury in Nashville two years ago on charges of accepting a million-dollar payoff from a trucking company to buy labor peace, his army of attorneys told him unequivocally that he had nothing to worry about—the nature of the charge was so complex and difficult of proof that he could be sure of acquittal or a hung jury.

That was just the way it came out, but the Justice Department found enough evidence of attempted jury rigging to indict Hoffa on that score. Now, after winning the court battles that stemmed from his own free-wheeling tactics as a union leader, he faces a prison term for attempting to obstruct justice in a trial that his expensive legal experts had correctly assured him he couldn't lose. When he testified in his own defense in Chattanooga, he said bluntly that the Tennessee city could be his Waterloo. "My life depends on this verdict," he said. It may prove to be his epitaph.

The impatience inside the union high command for Hoffa to step down is certain to grow, and with it may come the courage and unity to act against his despotism. He is now marked as a loser, shorn of the magic that went with his untouchability. Most of his associates—those who have something to worry about as well as those who seek a restoration of respectability—are convinced that Hoffa's resignation or removal would bring a speedy dismantling of the special unit that Attorney General Kennedy has set up in the Justice Department to investigate and prosecute errant Teamsters. Indictments have been returned against 182 unionists and their associates since the Attorney General took office; ninety-nine already have resulted in convictions, and fifty-nine remain to be tried.

Home to the Range?

Long before the present Hoffa conviction, higher-ups in the union secretly extended feelers to Kennedy to determine the terms on which the cold war between the government and the Teamsters might be terminated if Hoffa surrendered his power. The word came back that Hoffa would have to plead guilty before there could be any talk of a deal. An emissary even went to Joseph P. Kennedy before his stroke, who replied that this was a subject his sons would not even discuss.

The Teamsters' exile since 1957 from the AFL-CIO would almost certainly end with the eclipse of Hoffa. Only the granitic determination of George Meany has kept the Federation from readmitting the Teamsters, even with an unregenerate Hoffa at their head. If the appeals courts reverse the jury-fixing conviction and Hoffa wins in the pension-fraud case still pending against him in Chicago, it is doubtful that the AFL-CIO president can continue to block the re-entry of the Teamsters at the 1965 Federation convention.

But without Hoffa at the helm, the Teamsters need not wait even a year. The men in labor's executive suite would roll out the welcome mat at once, and everything would be as before—except for the absence of Hoffa and his predecessor, Dave Beck, who is now all but forgotten

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as he serves out a term for income-tax fraud at a Federal penitentiary on McNeil Island, Washington.

Actually, Hoffa's sturdiest bulwark against any internal move to force him out is a precedent set by his enemies in the AFL-CIO high command, the men who expelled his union on charges that it had become a hoodlums' haven. When Maurice A. Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, was convicted of a bribery conspiracy in an Indiana highway-land scandal, the Federation let him stay on as a member of its executive council and head of the Carpenters while the case was appealed. When the conviction was reversed last October, Hutcheson was still under sentence to serve six months in prison for contempt of Congress, but the sentence was suspended after Meany and others submitted character references in his behalf.

WILL Hoffa, like Beck, fade into impotence and oblivion if he does go to jail? Certainly the Justice Department would do everything in its power to ensure that he did not have as easy a time as Fay did running his empire from a cell. But a more effective obstacle to ruling *in absentia* is that Hoffa has done such an effective job of driving his most talented assistants out of the International headquarters that he would be hard pressed to find anyone to send orders to—much less feel confident they would be carried out. He could try to staff all the key posts with his inner guard from Detroit—probably the only group he still trusts—but it is too small and too limited in ability to hold things together.

The probability is that Hoffa would have to fall back on his heartland in the Central States Conference of Teamsters, the launching pad for his drive to national power. The 400,000 members in the Midwest and the officials who run their locals are "Hoffa's guys" in a way that exceeds in intimacy his relations with the rest of the huge union he has governed so energetically since he replaced the luxury-loving Beck in 1957. If Hoffa attempts to establish a puppet government while he is away, the Central States is the place to expect its creation.

The accomplishment Hoffa regards as his most enduring monument is apt to help undermine his efforts to hold on both now and later. This is his binding of all union contracts covering local and long-distance trucking into a single master agreement extending from coast to coast. The big transcontinental operators, always Hoffa's most dependable allies among management, already have agreed to the framework of such an agreement. But the details are still being worked out, and those who have opposed the pact as a threat to local autonomy inside the union will intensify their opposition in the wake of the Chattanooga conviction.

The nationwide agreement makes good economic sense in view of the increased centralization of ownership in the trucking field, traditionally marked by chaotic dog-eat-dog competition among thousands of small operators. However, it disturbs Senator McClellan and other Hoffa critics because of the concentrated power over the economy it would put in his hands. Hoffa's foes within the union have similar apprehensions, but for different reasons.

Before the Beck-Hoffa era began in 1952, the union was an aggregation of satrapies, each with its own all-powerful leader. The International president, old Daniel J. Tobin, was a force in the AFL and in Franklin D. Roosevelt's White House, but he had to walk softly before the princelings who controlled the big Teamster joint councils and local unions. The urge to return to the old days is intense in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other major cities. The shift might not mean any purification of the union; it might even bring a bigger influx of petty hoodlums, fixers, and hangers-on. But it would take the Teamsters out of the national spotlight.

Several members of the executive board are ready to become International president on the platform of giving the union back to its members. Only a few—Gibbons in St. Louis is almost the only sure one—would campaign to universalize and strengthen the national bargaining structure. But thus far the man to tell Hoffa it is time to go has not appeared, and, as a result, there is only hushed debate about who might take over and on what terms.

Oddly, the precipitant of an open revolt may be the bitter enmity that has developed in the last few years between Hoffa and the union's brilliant general counsel, Edward Bennett Williams. The two men are scarcely on speaking terms, even though it was Williams who obtained Hoffa's acquittal in his first nationally publicized trial. The charge was bribing an investigator with the McClellan subcommittee.

After Williams became the International's general counsel, he clashed repeatedly with Hoffa on interpretations of law and union legal policy. Relations finally deteriorated to such a point that Hoffa served notice a year ago of his intention to fire him as counsel. Williams, whose influence in the Teamster hierarchy is considerable, demanded that Hoffa put the issue up for ratification by secret ballot in the executive board. That ended the dismissal threat, but it increased the enmity between the two men. Williams, who is now busy defending Bobby Baker, could eventually prove an important catalyst in the oust-Hoffa drive.

THE REAL TRAGEDY of the Hoffa saga is that none of the sordid disclosures about the manner in which the Teamsters Union degenerated into a vehicle for exploitation, gangster penetration, and abuse of membership rights has ever produced any conclusive evidence of rank-and-file wrath. The truckers, inured to the swamplike moral climate of their viciously competitive industry, are not disposed to challenge the Hoffa estimate that life is a jungle. Nor has their bleak view of conventional morality been brightened by the fact that to convict Hoffa, the Justice Department had to depend on the testimony of an ex-convict named Edward Grady Partin, secretary-treasurer of a Teamsters local in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who is himself awaiting Federal trial on charges of looting his local's treasury. Thus Hoffa was toppled by just the kind of man whose presence on the union's payroll has always been one of the most serious charges against the Hoffa brand of leadership.

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Foreign Aid: The Johnson Round

PAUL DUKE

SHORTLY after dawn on February 27, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana was awakened by a phone call at his Bethesda, Maryland, home. President Johnson was inquiring about the administration's defeat the day before when the House refused to authorize a new U.S. contribution of $312 million to a World Bank affiliate, the International Development Association. Democratic whip Boggs attributed the turndown to an unexpected wave of economy sentiment.

Johnson's concern was understandable. Congress long has insisted that our prosperous allies should bear a greater share of the foreign-aid burden, and IDA has been a vehicle in this direction. The agency, which provides interest-free, long-term loans to poorer countries, was hailed upon its founding in 1960 because fourteen economically advanced nations joined the United States in putting up operating funds. Now, amid cries that IDA was just another giveaway program, the House had voted to kill the agency.

The action was hardly auspicious for Johnson's efforts to reverse the anti-aid tide now running so strongly on Capitol Hill. Some officials fear that the administration may be in for the same kind of drubbing it sustained in last year's battle over appropriations for the Agency for International Development, the chief dispenser of United States foreign aid.

The President has recommended the smallest aid budget since Marshall Plan days, a Spartan $3.4 billion, and has supplied a new title, Mutual Defense and Development Program. By and large, though, the Johnson aid model is much like a new automobile—some face lifting to make it more salable, a bit of redesign to make it run more smoothly, but essentially the same chassis. There will be more reliance on foundations, universities, and cooperatives to carry out technical and economic development projects, but these mainly constitute a refinement of techniques already in use. There is to be greater effort to enlist the help of businesses and a closing down of some smaller aid missions, but this, too, has been a trend of recent years. Congress is being asked to approve a tax credit for industries that go into underdeveloped countries, but this was proposed by President Kennedy.

NONETHELESS, it seems clear that Johnson started out to rebuild the aid program, chassis and all. The initial clue was his appointment last December of a group of governmental and financial leaders, headed by Under Secretary of State George Ball, who were instructed to "approach the problem of foreign aid with fresh minds." Standing on a bale of hay at his Texas ranch, Johnson told reporters he had given the nine-member unit "some definite views of my own" and he expected it to ". . . come up with a recommendation. If they are as close to my views as I hope they will be, we will probably adopt them."

The President's views were apparently rather vague, but those who talked with him came away with the impression he favored some kind of structural overhaul of AID. At the least he seemed to be leaning toward two favorite courses of J. William Fulbright (D., Arkansas), chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. These called for channeling more American aid dollars through international agencies such as the World Bank or IDA, and for presenting the annual aid request in a series of small bills rather than a lump sum in an effort to discourage big budget cuts. And although the aid programs have suffered over the years from a surfeit of reviews and revampings, White House sources say the President believed the hostile atmosphere in Congress dictated sweeping revisions.

It soon became evident that the Ball group's scrutiny would be no more helpful than previous studies and might even be as harmful as the investigation a year earlier by a citizens' committee headed by the retired General Lucius D. Clay. Johnson's directive that recommendations be made by January 15—three weeks after the panel was set up—meant that the study would have to be superficial. Suspicions were immediately voiced in Congress. Many friends of the program felt that the Ball Committee's real mission was to endorse the President's reform ideas, while critics foresaw a whitewash. Several senators said the panel could not possibly be objective, and Wayne Morse of Oregon, fresh from leading the Senate assault against the 1963 aid bills, characterized the President's appointees as "special pleaders."

What no one reckoned on, however, was the controversy that soon flared within the committee. By way of a beginning, the panelists decided to consider three approaches to AID's problems, and study papers were drawn up on each. The choices were: retention of AID as an autonomous agency within the State Department; disbandment of the agency and its incorporation into State's various divisions; and dismemberment and parceling out of AID's activities to other agencies—technical assistance to the Peace Corps, development loans to the Export-Import Bank, etc. This last, the scattering concept, drew no support. But the idea of AID's absorption by State was vigorously endorsed by Ball and just as vigorously denounced by AID Administrator David Bell, who urged that the agency keep its identity.

Ball versus Bell

Basically, the conflict underscored an argument that has long raged in foreign-policy councils. Many State Department officials believe that aid should be employed for short-run political objectives and be synchronized with regular foreign-policy machinery. The AID officials, while recognizing the program as an instrument of foreign policy, hold that it should focus on comprehensive economic and political progress in countries where the United States

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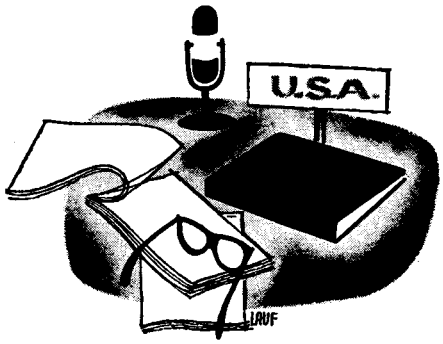
has a special interest. Ball eloquently advanced his argument, at one point deriding long-term economic development plans as "globaloney." But his uncompromising stand led other committee members to believe that the Under Secretary was doing more than championing a State Department position—that he was, in fact, serving as the President's advocate.

"I think the President made up his mind that AID must disappear and the way to do it was to let the committee pave the way," one AID official told me. "Ball was doing what he felt the President *wanted* him to do."

The move to absorb AID in the State Department quickly encountered serious obstacles. The first was within the committee, where other members sided with Bell against Ball. Sargent Shriver, director of the Peace Corps; John Bullitt, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; and Ralph Dungan, White House liaison man for AID, were particularly vehement in opposing any attempt to dissolve AID. When word of the controversy leaked out, this opposition spread. The President's chief Senate lieutenant, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, rushed to the White House to plead AID's case and followed up with an eleven-page memo to the President declaring that Congress never intended the program to be used "as a diplomatic slush fund." Even Congressional critics condemned the abolition plan, saying their demands for program changes were aimed at policy shortcomings, not structural deficiencies. General Clay, with no trace of his earlier criticism, told the New York *Times:* "The foreign aid program is better administered than at any time since Paul G. Hoffman ran the Marshall Plan in the immediate postwar period."

The outcry doomed any major alteration of AID. Still, Johnson hoped that a few steps might be taken to make the aid package more palatable to Congress. Ball and Bell, the friendly antagonists, were dispatched to Capitol Hill to listen to suggestions, but the visits were hardly productive. "We got as many answers as the people we saw," said Ball. The President invited some thirty friends and foes of aid to the White House for dinner in the hope of winning support for Fulbright's proposal to shunt military aid into the Pentagon's budget, but only one member, Representative Gerald R. Ford, Jr. (R., Michigan), backed the idea. Representative Thomas E. Morgan (D., Pennsylvania), chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and other House leaders contended that the military part was needed to help pull through the more vulnerable economic portions. The President seemed on the verge of assigning technical assistance to the Peace Corps, only to be dissuaded by Humphrey, who said the step would damage both programs.

Even fate seemed to be against the President. The House's defeat of the IDA bill obviously ruled out any greater trend to international



co-operation in aid. Events abroad killed plans to include in the President's aid message to Congress a list of countries soon to be lopped from the list of recipients. In the case of Greece, for example, such an announcement might have left an impression that the United States favored Turkey in the Cyprus dispute, while a cutoff of aid to Nationalist China might have seemed an added rebuff to an old friend still smarting from the blow of de Gaulle's recognition of Peking.

BECAUSE OF the difficulties, the White House decided it did not want the Ball Committee to make any formal report; the January 15 deadline had long since passed anyway. Presidential speechwriters, endeavoring to make the aid message meaty, found they had to put it through four drafts to win Johnson's acceptance. "You could tell he was groping for new solutions but uncertain which way to turn," a Republican congressman who visited the President reported.

Some think that the Ball group might have made a real contribution had it been given better instructions. One possibility could have been a compromise between the Ball and Bell positions that would have maintained AID but brought it under closer State Department guidance on questions of foreign economic policy. Under this concept, matters of economic assistance, trade, and balance of payments would be coordinated under an Under Secretary of State, with AID operating as a principal division under him.

Some insiders complain that Johnson has no genuine interest in the aid program. Despite his unhappy experience with the Ball study, the President plans to set up a general advisory committee of prominent citizens to examine programs in individual countries. The plan, which promises more bureaucratic confusion, is mainly a sop to Senator John Sherman Cooper (R., Kentucky), who has been calling for country-by-country watchdog committees. "I don't know of a soul who is enthusiastic about it, but Cooper is such a nice, genial fellow I guess the President didn't want to offend him," said one Congressional aid specialist.

The choice of Thomas C. Mann as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, with the added duty of directing the Alliance for Progress, has nettled some aid backers who fear that his conservative leanings are symbolically bad for the Alliance. Robert Kennedy, it is noted, tried to sidetrack the appointment.

Some of the criticism of Johnson may be unfair. Mann, for instance, may be just the lobbyist needed to swing right-wingers and other critics of our Latin policies behind the Alliance. Also, President Kennedy had planned to shake up the Alliance and was considering Shriver and Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman as possible directors.

Moreover, it is unlikely that the Ball Committee's failure to produce any recommendations has worsened the outlook for aid legislation this year. It may, in fact, have convinced some doubters that the present program is the best obtainable.

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And There Goes Cambodia

DENIS WARNER

PNOMPENH

SINCE 1949, when Chinese Communist forces arrived at the borders of Indochina, western policies in Southeast Asia, if otherwise often confused and confusing, have been consistent and unambiguous on one central point: by whatever means, Peking must be prevented from extending its writ into these lands which are rich in oil, produce most of the world's tin and natural rubber, and, in the rice bowl, grow food to spare. How best to forestall Peking has occasioned frequent and sometimes acrimonious debate, but the goal has not been questioned.

On February 15, Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, whose gaiety and mode of life should give puritanical shudders to any good Marxist, called a select group of newspapermen to his holiday home at Kep on the Gulf of Siam to announce plans that will bring Communist China leapfrogging over embattled Vietnam and the precariously held passes of Laos to outflank the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and its military planners in Bangkok. The prince's statement was a mixture of *fait accompli* and ultimatum, the former contrived to ensure the rejection of the latter.

He had negotiated with Communist China for the construction of two jet airbases, one facing Thailand and the other adjoining South Vietnam, the chief of state said. He had also decided to send the leaders of the Cambodian army, navy, and air force to Peking in order to arrange the purchase of military equipment. Whatever gestures the United States may want to take to appease Sihanouk, these are decisions beyond recall. All that is negotiable is whether he will cut the frayed strands of his neutrality and plunge into a full alliance with Peking and Communist North Vietnam.

"Sihanouk used to think of Cambodia as the Austria of Asia," said one western diplomat. "Now he thinks of it as an Albania." His ultimatum appeared to express precisely that: if the United States and its allies had not arranged a conference to guarantee Cambodia's neutrality by the end of April, he would establish full diplomatic relations with Hanoi and recognize North Vietnam as the government of all Vietnam. A month later, if the West still remained aloof, he would break diplomatic relations with the United States and its allies and personally lead a delegation to Hanoi and Peking to join in a military alliance. Meanwhile, he was postponing for one or two years the projects not yet begun under Cambodia's second Five-Year Plan and would concentrate on strengthening his army.

A FEW MONTHS ago this strong talk might have been dismissed as Sihanouk gamesmanship. He has always had the carpet seller's approach to diplomacy, with an asking price and a settling price that bear little relationship to each other. Since November of last year, however, Sihanouk has been much less the shrewd political negotiator than the vain, outraged fatalist. This time even Pnompenh officials agreed that their prince had gone beyond the point of no return. But this judgment was also premature. Later in February Sihanouk made a new proposal for a preliminary four-power conference between Cambodia, the United States, South Vietnam, and Thailand. The proposal was received favorably in Washington and with cautious approval in Saigon. The reaction in Bangkok was less than enthusiastic, especially when Sihanouk subsequently advanced what the Thais regarded as unacceptable preconditions to the conference. Bangkok has no intention of marching on Pnompenh, but it isn't prepared to sign away in perpetuity its two "lost" provinces in western Cambodia. On March 10, Sihanouk violently rejected U.S. efforts to work out some kind of compromise agreement for a conference.

Ancient Foes and Modern Phobias

Whether as king, or head of state, or premier, or as a somewhat contentious traveler, Sihanouk is much more than a mere factor in the Cambodian situation. He *is* Cambodia, and his policies in the past have brought to the five million easygoing Cambodian people a stability that many of their neighbors envy. Beloved by his people, he is not a Communist or a Communist sympathizer. He is a patriot and his record is that he has brought the Cambodians peace. Alone among the three for-

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mer Associated States of French Indochina, Cambodia has escaped the civil wars that have plagued Laos and Vietnam. No Communist guerrillas lurk in the forests or rice fields to pounce on the unwary traveler. Nor do the overwhelming majority of Sihanouk's people wish to accept the disciplines and techniques of Communism. The fields produce rich crops of rice; the streams abound in fish. For most, that is enough.

Why, then, is Sihanouk seemingly hell-bent on becoming a Chinese satellite? And what does this mean for Cambodia and for the rest of Southeast Asia?

SIHANOUK had a somewhat limited vision of international affairs when I met him for the first time during the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung in 1955. He admired Nehru and was impressed by Chou En-lai, though not to the point where he was prepared to accept without careful consideration an invitation to visit Peking. As with all Cambodians, his fears were more racial than ideological. The traditional enemies of his country were not the remote Chinese, whose historical and cultural influence on Cambodia had been only slight, but the Thais and the Vietnamese, who had come in the past as conquerors. Already inclined under Nehru's influence toward neutralism, Cambodia rejected simple assurances of western protection when Thailand joined SEATO and South Vietnam took shelter under its umbrella. Now SEATO and the United States, through their association with Cambodia's traditional foes, were at least potential foes themselves.

After this indifferent start, Cambodian neutrality was always less of a balancing act between East and West than a deliberate playing off of China against the United States. As Sihanouk saw it, this great-power conflict in the Far East was exploitable and even beneficial, since without it he would have become prey to the rapacious Vietnamese and Thais.

His leaning toward Peking, almost imperceptible in the first years after the Indochina war, became more marked as the cold war in Southeast Asia developed. Cambodian dissidents are few in number, but, as Sihanouk knew, they found sanctuary in Thailand and South Vietnam, while he in turn harbored enemies of the régimes of Bangkok and Saigon. Sihanouk was convinced that South Vietnamese officials had participated in one plot against him, and he felt that the Americans were also guilty, since they were financing the government in Saigon.

IN 1959, when Communist subversion became violent insurgency in Laos and South Vietnam, Sihanouk reacted pessimistically to American efforts to force a solution by military means. His offers to mediate in Laos went unheeded, and even his scheme to hold an international conference to guarantee the neutrality of Laos failed to win American approval until the Communist-led Pathet Lao had established its ascendancy there. "Laos is lost," he said when the Geneva Conference finally began, a conclusion that events since have done little to refute.

His belief that the Vietcong would win in South Vietnam led him to the conclusion in 1961 that Communist China would eventually dominate all of Southeast Asia. In turn, this caused him to abandon altogether his original premise that his security depended on a consistent neutral policy. The alternative was an all-out gamble on Peking. As Sihanouk expressed it, if his enemies in Thailand and South Vietnam insisted on

allying themselves with the United States and refused to guarantee Cambodia's territorial integrity, then he would have no alternative but to seek an alliance with the United States' enemy—Communist China. French and other western diplomats here argue that personal issues have also had a significant part in turning Sihanouk away from the United States. They insist that his sensitivity and vanity were handled maladroitly. For instance, the Queen Mother once sent a present to the wife of an American ambassador. It was returned with a note explaining that American officials and their wives were not permitted to accept gifts, a gesture of unquestionable moral rectitude but reflecting a most dubious diplomatic skill in an environment where insults, though freely offered, are seen when none are intended.

The points of friction were many. Well-founded American charges that the Vietcong use Cambodian territory as a sanctuary for operations in the Vietnam border provinces and that at least a minor Vietcong supply line runs through Cambodia have consistently angered Sihanouk, who also feels that he has had less than a sympathetic hearing from the United States when South Vietnamese forces have pursued the Vietcong into Cambodia or bombed Cambodian villages. Sympathy and understanding, he says, come always from the Communist side, never from the American.

This was true of his earlier proposal for a conference to guarantee Laotian neutrality. It was also true when he proposed a similar fourteen-power conference to guarantee his own neutrality. The Communist powers accepted the idea enthusiastically. But even after the British had found a compromise for the use of the word "guarantee," with all its Constitutional difficulties in the United States, Washington was swayed by the protests of its anti-Communist allies and Cambodia's foes in South Vietnam and Thailand, which once threatened to withdraw from SEATO if the United States attended the conference.

'Off with Your Aid!'

This more or less static and partly submerged crisis in Cambodian-American relations gathered alarming momentum last November when Radio Free Khmer, a clandestine station run by the followers of the Cambodian dissidents Son Ngoc Thanh and Sam Sary, began broadcasting violently anti-Sihanouk propaganda from South Vietnam and

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Thailand. The broadcasts touched Sihanouk on his most exposed nerve, his vanity. Convinced that the United States can influence any and all decisions in Bangkok and Saigon, and certain that he could detect the hidden hand of the CIA, Sihanouk broadcast on November 5 the first of several ultimatums to the United States. If Washington did not silence the Free Khmer radios by the end of the year, he said, he would change his policy of neutrality, seek an accommodation with the Communist bloc, and divest himself of western aid. Often what Sihanouk says in haste he regrets—and modifies—at leisure, and the western community here was not surprised when he appeared to take a step or two backward.

The retreat was illusory, however, and soon the crisis was again gathering strength. It has not eased since. As "proof" of United States complicity, Sihanouk produced before a special session of the national congress two Free Khmer emissaries who had come to Pnompenh under a promise of safe-conduct. One, the son of his chauffeur, made the required responses and his life was spared; the other, who did not, was shot. Along with this emotional anti-American crusade, Sihanouk launched his economic swing to the Left—the nationalization of the banks and of the largely foreign-controlled import-export trade. The banks closed their doors for four days, fearful of a ruinous run on funds. This worked temporarily but has not saved Cambodia from its current economic crisis, caused partly by the abrupt dislocation of normal commercial procedures and partly by the termination of the vital American aid program, at Sihanouk's insistence, on November 19. Gasoline, which had been imported under the aid plan, soared to nearly $1.50 a gallon, a heavy blow to the internal transport system and to costs. Worse still, Chinese rice brokers, who traditionally bought the annual surplus on the stalk, had no money to pay their usual advances to the peasants. Half, or perhaps even more, of a bumper crop estimated at some two million tons went unharvested, the peasants reaping enough for their own use and leaving the rest to rot. At the height of the crisis, the deaths of President Kennedy and those of Sihanouk's hated enemies, President Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam and Field Marshal Sarit in Thailand, intensified the anti-American feeling. Sihanouk declared a holiday to celebrate Sarit's demise, and Americans listening to the official Cambodian radio heard derogatory remarks about Sarit and, by implication, about President Kennedy.

Sihanouk's disposition did not improve when his impetuous declaration that it was beneath Cambodia's dignity to accept another cent of American aid resulted in a shipload of vitally needed jute sacks being turned back in mid-ocean and the abandonment of reconstruction on the sorriest investment in all foreign-aid programs, the Friendship Highway linking Pnompenh with the new port of Sihanoukville. About thirty kilometers of the road remained to be rebuilt at an estimated cost of about $10 million. Sihanouk wanted the road finished but would not risk losing face by making a formal petition. And the Americans, sensitive about the costly blunders that attended the road's construction six years ago, were prepared to do the work, but only if asked formally.

PNOMPENH these days is filled with experts willing to conduct private post-mortems on Cambodian-American relationships. The principal criticism of the Americans is that they were too clumsy, too inept in their handling of the prince, too inclined to take him for granted, too little prepared to appeal to his vanity. To disclaim knowledge of and responsibility for the Free Khmer radios was proper enough. But the excuse that the United States did not know where they were, and could not find out, was nonsense.

Because Sihanouk declared at one point his willingness to settle for a conference that substituted recognition of his borders in place of the guarantees he had originally sought, the British feel that a more sympathetic Washington approach six months ago might have prevented the crisis.

The latest occasion for Sihanouk's anger, the bombing of the Cambodian border village of Mong on February 4 by South Vietnamese planes, is the pretext, not the reason, for the current crisis. Negotiations with Peking are far advanced, and at least one covert group of Chinese military specialists has arrived in Cambodia. Six hundred American military and economic-aid officials and their families left Cambodia by plane and LST by the first week in January. The skeleton embassy and USIS staff await the word to go. Except for the French, who are offered a special position, the break with the West will be absolute, unless Washington's conciliatory approach and perhaps internal Cambodian pressures on Sihanouk combine at last to slow down a process that already seems irreversible.

It appears unlikely, in any event, that Cambodia will "go Communist" in the sense that it will become a Marxist state with the highly disciplined authoritarianism of a Communist China. Sihanouk is loved by his people and by other potential sources of power, but not to the point where they would settle freely for Communism. "He will carry the country with him into the alliance with Hanoi and Peking," a diplomat

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remarked. "But he would invite assassination if he tried to make this country Communist."

Sihanouk seems aware of this. Even his moves away from capitalism into what he calls "Buddhist Socialism" stop a long way short of Communism. Among the people, neither the inclination toward nor the incentive for Communism exists. As a further antidote, the French position here, already strong, is likely to grow stronger. Even if Cambodia does establish formal links and alliances with the Communist powers, it may still stop far short of becoming another Cuba. Its army of twenty-eight battalions is perhaps the worst in Southeast Asia and is unlikely, even with Chinese diligence and care, to become a threat to anyone in the predictable future. If the sorry state of the Chinese aid projects—a textile mill, a cement factory, and paper and plywood plants—can be considered an indicator, the Chinese are not likely to succeed where the Americans have failed.

A REAL DANGER, however, is that Cambodia, willy-nilly, will become a center of clandestine Chinese and North Vietnamese assistance for dissident Communist forces everywhere in the region. It is conceivable that the Vietcong can be supplied by sea, but it would be useless to pretend that a Chinese military presence just across the Cambodian border would not deal a lethal blow to South Vietnamese morale. Northeastern Thailand is already exposed to Pathet Lao infiltration and subversion. A base in northern Cambodia would give China access to the hitherto "safe" eastern area of Thailand. Even Malaysia and Indonesia cannot help but be affected. The Thais, who might be expected to have the most fear, suggest phlegmatically that Sihanouk shouldn't be taken too seriously, since China may even be embarrassed by the prince's impetuosity and hence would not want to jeopardize its standing elsewhere by too precipitate a move in Cambodia. Even so, Prince Sihanouk, who wants only to do his best for his people, may well see his own prediction come true and find all Southeast Asia dominated by Peking.

Illinois: Chaos at the Polls

JAMES L. McDOWELL

SPRINGFIELD

NEXT NOVEMBER, all 177 members of the Illinois house of representatives will be elected "at large" from one incredibly complicated state-wide paper ballot. This abandonment of the principle of local representation is the result of the failure of the legislature to work out some acceptable way of reapportioning itself.

Reapportionment has been a problem for many states since the U.S. Supreme Court's *Baker* v. *Carr* ruling in March, 1962, that the maldistribution of seats in the Tennessee legislature violated the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. But unlike those states anxiously awaiting the high court's ruling on suits filed in the aftermath of *Baker* v. *Carr*, the mess in Illinois was precipitated by the voters themselves. In 1954 they amended the state constitution to force the redistricting of the lower house in 1963. Illinois had not been reapportioned since 1901, even though the state's constitution, adopted in 1870, provided for reapportionment every ten years. The legislature had complied in 1882, in 1893, and again in 1901. But by the turn of the century it was obvious that Chicago would become the dominant political force in the state if the senate and the house of representatives, both based on population, were reapportioned regularly. For the next five decades the constitutional directive was politely ignored, and by 1953, Cook County, with fifty-two per cent of the state's population, had only thirty-seven per cent of the seats in the legislature.

Republicans Started It

Seeking to correct this representational inequity, a Republican governor, William Stratton, persuaded the legislature to submit a constitutional amendment to the voters that would really guarantee periodic reapportionment. After an intensive campaign by private citizens' groups and both political parties, the amendment was ratified in November, 1954, by eighty per cent of those voting.

The new provision established fifty-nine house districts to elect three members each, based on population, and fifty-eight senate districts, for which geographical balance was to be the prime consideration. The amendment divided Illinois into three sections: Chicago, suburban Cook County, and the remaining 101 counties (or "Downstate," as it is usually known).

In the first apportionment, the amendment required that twenty-three of the three-member house districts be given to Chicago, seven to suburban Cook County, and twenty-

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nine to Downstate. But in subsequent reapportionments, to occur in 1963 and every ten years thereafter, the fifty-nine districts were to be divided "as nearly as may be as the population of each of these three divisions bears to the total population of the state." The senate districts were presumed to be permanent.

The Republicans controlled both houses of the state legislature in 1963—the senate by a 35 to 23 margin, the house 90 to 86. (One Democratic member died before the legislature convened, leaving one of the 177 seats vacant. Five other Democrats have since died and two others have resigned to serve in other political positions.) Speaker of the House John W. Lewis, Jr., a Republican from Marshall, gave reapportionment high priority during the regular session. One of his first actions was to appoint a bipartisan "remapping" committee.

The committee, beset by intraparty conflicts, accomplished practically nothing until Lewis himself took charge late last April and introduced his own bill, which quickly ran into strong opposition—mainly from within his own party. Republican representatives from the extreme southern part of the state rebelled at the plan to reduce the number of their districts from six to four, although this move seemed justified by the area's declining population. Knowing that their votes were absolutely necessary for the passage of any reapportionment measure in the closely divided house, the southern Republicans finally forced the adoption of a bill taking only one district from their area. Although meeting constitutional requirements, this bill contained several rather striking population disparities. The new Democratic governor, Otto Kerner, vetoed the measure.

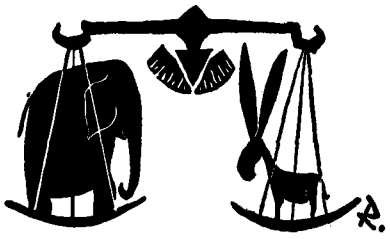
THE PROBLEM was then turned over to a bipartisan reapportionment commission as provided for by the 1954 amendment. Kerner appointed five Democrats and five Republicans to the commission from lists submitted by the parties' state committees. After spending two months working out the apportionment of Downstate districts, the five Democratic members forced the commission into deadlock in October with a proposal that Chicago be allowed to retain all of its twenty-three house districts although the city seemed slated to lose a few seats.

George Dunne, a former house member and now a Cook County commissioner who acted as spokesman for Democratic members of the reapportionment board, argued that Chicago should retain its present share of house seats because the city is underrepresented in the state senate. The plan he supported would have given Chicago thirty-five per cent of all seats in the legislature, or roughly the same as its share of the state's population. The Republicans on the commission, led by Fred Gurley of Chicago, rejected the proposal and continued to insist that Chicago give up two house districts to reflect population shifts to Cook County's suburbs, which are strong Republican areas. They even refused to meet with the Democrats from mid-November until two days before the commission's deadline. When the Democrats finally acceded to Republican demands for nine districts in suburban Cook County, it was too late. Thus, at midnight on December 14, there was no alternative except to choose the next house of representatives in a chaotic "at large" election.

Confusion Compounded

Seeking to restore some order to the April primary and the November general election, Governor Kerner called a special session of the legislature in January. But even with their political future at stake, the legislators could not agree on ground rules for the at-large voting until only a few hours remained before the January 29 deadline.

The new legislation provides for the nomination of house candidates by party convention rather than primary elections. In the April 14 primary the voters will select two Republicans and two Democrats from each of the fifty-nine current house districts to serve as delegates at the party conventions scheduled to be held here in the state capital on June 1. Needless to say, incumbent legislators are expected to get most of the seats. Each party convention will then be permitted to nominate a total of 118 candidates, or two-thirds of the total membership. But by an informal agreement, they will probably nominate only about one hundred candidates, just a few more than a majority if all were elected. This will presumably limit the number of incumbents who could lose their seats in the event of a landslide either way.



The new legislation also abandons Illinois' system of cumulative voting, which has operated for nearly a century as a method of ensuring minority representation in the house. The present wording of the state constitution, as modified in 1954, provides that in voting for each representative, ". . . each qualified voter may cast as many votes for one candidate as there are representatives to be elected, or may distribute the same among the candidates as he shall see fit." With three representatives from each district, each voter had three votes, which he could divide in three ways: by giving three votes to one candidate, by giving one vote each to three candidates, or by giving one and a half votes each to two candidates. But under this system in an at-large election, each voter would have 177 votes to divide among the scores of candidates, and the innumerable variations of fractional votes that could result would make tabulation of the ballots even more of a nightmare. Nevertheless, it has been pointed out that abandonment of the system would be a flat violation of the state constitution.

THERE IS still another complication in this almost incredible mess. It has to do with the limitation of candidates to 118 or fewer for each party. Each voter is entitled to cast as many as 177 votes. Since straight-ticket voting will be encouraged in order to elect a clear majority, the voters face a dilemma: if they conveniently vote only a straight ticket they lose a minimum of fifty-nine votes. To use all 177 votes, the voter must either vote one straight ticket

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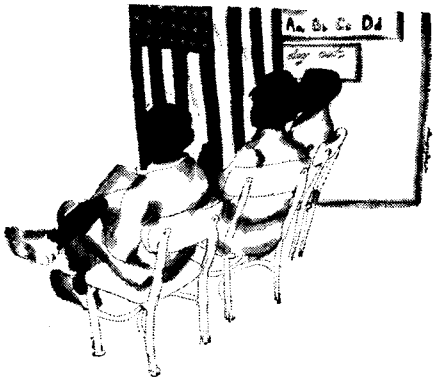
and then select a minimum of fifty-nine candidates of the other party, or else pick and choose 177 candidates from among all the names on the ballot.

Under the circumstances, the voters may or may not be aided by a proposal advanced by the Better Government Association and the Independent Voters of Illinois. These Chicago-based organizations are considering joint sponsorship of an independent slate of candidates for the house on the November ballot. What they propose is to form a state-wide nonpartisan committee to select enough candidates to make up the difference between 177 and the number nominated by the two parties. Thus, by voting for either party ticket and the independent slate, the voter could use all of his choices and, conceivably, elect "the balance of power" in the next legislature.

George E. Mahin, the executive director of the Better Government Association, insists that this is not an attempt to create a permanent third party in Illinois. Instead, he argues that "an honest vocal minority" is needed in the house because "the incumbent Republicans and Democrats got together in a nice cozy deal to re-elect each other. . . . Once this election is over, the third party will go out of existence."

Regardless of what goes out of existence after the chaos next November, there may be one consolation for the citizens of Illinois. As other states proceed to implement the Supreme Court's *Baker* v. *Carr* decision, Illinois has at least provided a horrible example of how *not* to reapportion a state legislature.



The 'Under Standing Neorger' And His Right to Vote

JOHN and E. W. KENWORTHY

On April 23, 1962, the Reverend James C. Chandler appeared before voting registrar Theron C. Lynd in Hattiesburg, Forrest County, Mississippi. Six months earlier the Negro minister had failed the state constitution interpretation test, though Lynd refused to tell him why. Now he was meticulous in filling out the application form and in interpreting the rather complicated Sec. 206 of the constitution that Lynd assigned him.

When the minister had finished, Lynd accepted the interpretation and said he thought the application form was perfect. He wrote the minister's name in the voter registry. Then he said no, there was just one little error. So the minister took the form back and changed his signature from "James C. Chandler" to "James Cleveland Chandler." But Lynd said that was not it, and he refused to give the form back again or say what the error was. He crossed the minister's name from the book. Later the minister found out that he had been rejected because he had given the year of his birth but not his age.

On July 12, 1961, John Cecil McMillan, white, of George County, Mississippi, went to register. He was given Sec. 30 of the state constitution—an almost standard section for white applicants—to interpret: "There shall be no imprisonment for debt." This was his interpretation:

"I thank that a Neorger should have 2 years in collage before voting because he don't under stand."

Having completed Question 19, interpretation of a section of the constitution, McMillan then addressed himself to Question 20—"What are the duties and obligations of citizenship?" He wrote: "under Standing of pepper & Government ship Bessing" McMillan passed and was registered.

The Latest Effort

The disparate treatment of the Reverend Mr. Chandler and Mr. McMillan is what Title I of the civil-rights bill now before the Senate is all about. It reduces the Constitutional debate on that title to pragmatic example. And it explains why the Southern senators are making a determined last-ditch stand against the voting title that would repair weaknesses and inadequacies in the 1957 and 1960 civil-rights acts. Those acts sought to nail down the Negro's Constitutional right to vote by authorizing the Attorney General to initiate voting suits and by allowing the Federal district court to appoint voting referees where it found a "pattern" of discrimination. Where a referee's report substantiated an applicant's complaint of discrimination, either he or the court could issue the Negro a certificate declaring him qualified to vote.

The two acts have become fouled in the law's delays—delays often

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facilitated by district court judges. Of fifty-eight cases filed, of which forty-five involve discrimination and thirteen intimidation, some are still pending after two years. In suits against twelve counties in Mississippi, only one injunction has been handed down which the Justice Department regards as satisfactory.

Uniformity in the administration of voting tests is implicit in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and in the 1957 and 1960 acts. But where literacy tests have been conducted orally, as in Louisiana until three months ago, it has been difficult to prove discrimination. In Mississippi, where the applicant must interpret in writing a section of the state constitution assigned by the registrar, the Justice Department, by photographing records such as the Chandler and McMillan applications, has amassed what would seem to be incontrovertible evidence of discrimination. But the Department has never yet been able to convince a district judge in Mississippi that different treatment accorded whites and Negroes amounts to a "pattern or practice." As recently as March 6, a special three-judge Federal court in Jackson upheld, two to one, the constitutionality of Mississippi's voting laws, thereby dismissing a Justice Department suit challenging them. Consequently, the provision for court-appointed referees in the 1960 act has been a dead letter in Mississippi. In Bolivar County the Department has vainly been trying to get hold of the records since August, 1960.

What, then, would Title I of the 1963 act do? First, it would require registrars to apply the same test standards to whites and Negroes, both in the kinds of questions asked and in judging the answers.

Second, where literacy tests are used, they must be in writing, except where the individual requests an oral test and state law allows it. But whether it be oral or written, the applicant can demand a copy of the questions and answers.

Third, registrars may not disqualify applicants for "immaterial" errors or omissions on application forms. That is, the purpose of the form, like the application for a marriage license, is not to test but to get information.

Fourth, in voting suits where literacy is a question of fact, the state would have to prove that an applicant with a sixth-grade or higher education is indeed illiterate.

Fifth, in discrimination suits brought by the United States, either the Attorney General or the defendant state official may ask the chief judge of the circuit court of appeals to appoint a special three-judge court. One of the judges must be a circuit judge of that circuit and another a district judge of the district in which suit was brought. The court must hear the case "at the earliest practicable date" and expedite it "in every way."

Yankee Nullification?

Article I, Section 2 of the Constitution gives the states the right to set voter qualifications. The Fourteenth Amendment forbids the states to abridge the privileges of any citizen. The Fifteenth Amendment gives Negroes the right to vote if, like other citizens, they meet state qualifications. On this apparently conflicting ground the Southerners and the bipartisan civil-rights forces did battle in committee hearings last summer and on the House floor last month, and are now fighting in the Senate.

In Judiciary Committee hearings, Senator Sam J. Ervin, who describes himself as "the North Carolina solon," accused Attorney General Kennedy of "trying to nullify the power of the States to prescribe the qualifications of voters." In effect, Mr. Ervin argued that Mississippi had a right to find Mr. McMillan qualified and the Reverend Chandler unqualified. He contended that if the Federal government believed there had been discrimination, it could file suit under laws based on the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

To this, Mr. Kennedy replied: "We are not establishing qualifications for voting, we are protecting the right to vote." The states, he insisted, had the right to give a literacy test or constitutional interpretation test, but Congress had the right to insist that it be administered without discrimination. In practice, the Attorney General argued, many of the Southern states have been hiding behind the Constitutional façade of states' rights in order to deny the Negro his Constitutional right of suffrage.

The Constitutional argument apart, what strikes a disinterested reader of the committee testimony or follower of floor debate is the refusal of the Southern leaders to concede that there has been a pattern of discrimination against Negro applicants in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and parts of Georgia.

When Mr. Kennedy said to Senator Ervin, "Could you agree that there has been this pattern of discrimination?," the senator replied: "I only know I have not conducted any investigation in that field."

In House debate on the bill, Representative Edwin E. Willis of Louisiana said that no one wants an applicant turned away for immaterial error on an application form. But, he went on, "There is no precise way of measuring how grave an error or omission must be before it is 'material' to the qualifications of a voter. . . . Mere nonuniformity among registrars is made the legal equivalent of deliberate discrimination."

The Disqualified

Senator Ervin's professed ignorance could be easily dispelled, and Mr. Willis's argument fully tested, by the voluminous evidence gathered by the Justice Department through thousands of interviews of rejected Negro applicants in Mississippi and through the photographing of application forms in sixty of that state's eighty-two counties.

Leaving aside the numerous cases of intimidation—the beatings, the threats of physical violence, damage to property, and loss of jobs—the files of the Justice Department disclose that Mississippi registrars have used three devices, under the state's power to set voter qualifications to keep Negroes off the rolls.

First there is the "fob-off." A Negro appears at the registrar's office and is told that "The blanks have not arrived," "No forms are available," "The clerk is out," or "is working on the farm," or "is just too busy."

For example, the Justice Department examiner reported that Soloman Payne of De Soto County "has gone at least six times since 1955 and has never been allowed to fill

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out a form. Was told such things as the books are in Jackson, the clerk is unavailable, the test is difficult for Negroes, that he would have to know the [state] Constitution 'by heart.'" Many times Negroes were permitted to fill out the forms and then were rejected, but were unable to find out why, except that "You have not done well enough," "You did not pass," or "Your interpretation was incorrect."

Second, there is the nit-picking of errors or omissions in the application form—misspellings, leaving out place of birth because of ignorance, failing to note a line for signature. In Forrest County, Willie Curtis Simpson was disqualified because he left the election district blank; Theodore Franklin Williams because he used a pocket dictionary to look up words in the constitution interpretation test; Clarence Magee because the registrar discovered his house was not in the Walthall District but just across the line in the Baton District. Yet whites are almost never disqualified for such reasons. Eva Sullivan was registered in Panola County although she said in 1961 that she was born in 1905 and gave her age as fifty-three.

The most common reason for disqualification of Negroes on application forms is failure to note a final line for signature. In De Soto County Emma Williams was told "You filled it out all right but you didn't sign your name to it." Yet in Noxubee County, seventy-five per cent of the 276 whites who were registered between January 14, 1961, and July 20, 1963, did not sign their names.

Between February 26, 1959, and April 10, 1962 (just after the Federal suit was filed), Registrar Lynd of Forrest County allowed 1,836 whites to register without filling out the application form, interpreting a section of the constitution, or stating the duties and obligations of citizenship. During that period not one Negro was registered, and no Negro was even permitted to fill out a form until January 30, 1961.

The most common method of disqualification, however—because it is the most plausible to defend—is the assignment and judging of the constitutional interpretation (Question 19) and the duties and obligations of citizenship (Question 20).

Whites are customarily asked to interpret very straightforward sections of the constitution, and even then are often helped in their replies or given standard answers to memorize beforehand. Negroes are often assigned long, abstrusely legal sections, and given no help.

A favorite section for Negroes was given Elizabeth A. Brown of Warren County:

"All lands comprising a single tract sold in pursuance of decree of court, or execution, shall be first offered in subdivisions not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres, or one quarter section, and then offered as an entirety, and the price bid for the latter shall control only when it shall exceed the aggregate of the bids for the same in subdivisions as

aforesaid; but the chancery court, in cases before it, may decree otherwise if deemed advisable to do so."

Progress Report

Will Title I of the 1963 bill be any more effective than the 1957 and 1960 acts in giving the Mississippi Negro the suffrage he was guaranteed ninety-four years ago by the Fifteenth Amendment? Claude Sitton, who has covered racial conflicts in the South for many years for the New York *Times,* has recently expressed doubts that it will. The basic difficulty, Sitton wrote, is that the new legislation, like the former, leaves the task of eliminating the discrimination to the Federal courts. Not only is this a battle that will take years to wage county by county, Mr. Sitton said, but the Negro himself is reluctant to become an ally of the Federal government in his own cause. Sitton quoted Leslie W. Dunbar, executive director of the Southern Regional Council, who shares his doubts: "The reality is that, to the Negro in Mississippi, the law is still the law as enforced by the sheriff, not the law that comes out of Washington."

The lawyers in the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department in Washington, despite the frustrating results of the last seven years, are more optimistic. They are sure that the new voting section will ease their task in several ways. First, they say, it makes explicit that double standards in qualifications tests are proscribed as discriminatory. Second, district court judges will be unable to countenance, as a justifiable discretionary power of the state, the disqualification of a Negro for immaterial errors and omissions on an application. Third, a sixth-grade education as a presumption of literacy will greatly facilitate proof of discrimination. Fourth, the precedence given to voting cases by a special three-judge court should help to cut through the legal labyrinth erected by state attorney generals with the help of some district judges. Finally, the Justice Department believes that the hope of effective intervention by Washington will give many Negroes the courage to try to register.

The Justice Department's lawyers are convinced that the 1957 act, especially when reinforced by the new voting section of the 1963 bill, is a "workable statute." They cite two examples as basis for their optimism. First, they note that in the Middle District of Alabama, where Judge Frank Johnson has been persuaded of the pattern of discrimination, the injunctions have been strong and specific and have been upheld by the Court of Appeals. As a result, in Macon County, where only about a thousand Negroes were registered when suit was filed, there are now about 3,500 registered. And in Bullock County, where only four were registered, 1,600 are now on the rolls. Second, even in Forrest County, Mississippi, where Registrar Lynd disqualified the Reverend Mr. Chandler in 1962, a successful civil-contempt proceeding has resulted in Mr. Lynd's registering about a hundred Negroes. And since January of this year, four hundred more have applied to register. With the Justice Department making periodic inspections of Lynd's records, the prospect is that they will be registered, too.

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Grandma's Funeral

A Short Story Set in Israel

GIDEON TELPAZ

THE day I returned from Venice, Grandma was already dead. I had flown directly from Milan to Tel Aviv and no one had come from the village to meet me at the airport. Tired from the trip, I got into bed and fell asleep immediately. When I awoke it was already noontime and I saw Father standing near the bed. His face was weary and unshaven and he had aged greatly. His hair, which had been black and thick when I took leave of him eight years before, was now white and thin.

"When was it?" I asked.

"Last night, at seven," said Father.

"I am sorry," I said.

I looked through the window at the road winding its way among pine trees and citron shrubs. "When will the funeral be?" I asked.

"Not until Sunday," said Father.

"Why not today?"

"We wouldn't have time to notify all the relatives and tomorrow is Saturday. You can't have a funeral on Shabbat."

"When were you told?" I asked.

"Two hours ago. Grandpa sent someone to tell me. Yesterday I visited her. She had all of her faculties, and talked about the circus she went to when she was seven years old, and she asked about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. And it wasn't the first time. But at seven she passed away and an hour later they sent someone down from the hospital to tell Grandpa."

"Why didn't he let you know right away? You could have notified all the relatives and the funeral would have been held today."

"He forgot," said Father. "Are you hungry?"

"No," I said. "Have you seen him?"

"An hour ago."

"How is he?"

"He asked me to heat some water for him, and he told me to go; he wanted to sleep."

SUNDAY MORNING it was drizzling. A half hour before the scheduled time of the funeral, I left the house and walked to the old folks' place. I hardly recognized the way. The neighborhood had changed completely. Tall buildings had sprung up on the once empty lots: ugly cubes painted in seaside pinks and yellows, clumsily built to house newcomers from Morocco.

In front of the shack, the familiar faces of the relatives were bunched together. I saw the funeral notice posted on the gate leading into the yard, and for the first time I saw Grandma's first name, framed in a black border. I had never known it. I had always called her Grandma. And Father called her Mother.

The relatives stared at me dully. They had not recognized me, I had changed so much. The light rain fell relentlessly from the gloomy sky, and the tall cypresses that grew near the fence were soaked. I sloshed through the mud of the yard. In puddles of water, narcissus and green nettles and leafy weeds grew in profusion. A man in a wet raincoat left the doorway of the house and approached me.

"Shalom," said Mr. Atkin in his hoarse whisper. "When did you get back?" He was the second husband of Aunt Sarah, Grandma's oldest daughter, and he took his hand out of his pocket to touch my head for a moment. As he took his hand away, a skullcap remained on my head.

"On Friday," I said, touching the skullcap. I had forgotten that I had to cover my head.

"I hear that you are doing very well in Italy," he said. "At least it's possible to boast about one member of the family. Who are you looking for?"

"Have you seen my father?"

"He went to the hospital together with Akiva, to bring the corpse."

Akiva, who was married to Havah, was Father's younger brother, the more successful one.

In the yard, near the road, huddled a group of elderly women wrapped in overcoats and woolen shawls. They looked at the notice hanging on the gate of the broken-down fence, and brought handkerchiefs up to their mouths and clapped their palms together.

"Her friends," explained Mr. Atkin, "coming to bid her good-by."

"How is Grandpa?" I said.

"Cast iron! Not once did he pay any attention to her while she was alive, so why should he begin now that she's dead? When they told him Thursday night, from the hospital, that she had passed away, he shook his head and went back to reading the Talmud. Only on Friday did he remember to let your father know. He's the one who's responsible for this disgraceful desecration."

From out of the hut came Havah, shouting toward the huddled relatives: "Hilik, run to the store and bring a kilo of the best crackers!"

Hilik, whose face was covered with acne, broke away from the group and said, "Where, Mother?"

"You know where, Son. At Yossel's, the redhead!"

The boy took his bicycle, which

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had been leaning against one of the cypress trees near the fence, jumped on it, and raced down the street.

The rain continued dripping, light and bothersome, out of the gloomy sky. Mr. Atkin adjusted his wet hat, drew closer to me, and whispered into my ear:

"From early morning till late at night she hangs around the old man. Now it's the crackers, and last night it was the new oil heater that she brought him. All winter she didn't think about it. Only yesterday she suddenly remembered that it's winter. She has always been an absolute miser. Never did a thing for the old folks. Now, suddenly she changed her mind. And do you know why? She smelled the inheritance! Do you know how much this lot is worth today? I'm even afraid to mention the figure. A person could tear down the shack, uproot the groves, and build a co-operative here, eight or more stories high. Why not? This is the center of town now. Where are they building the cinemas and the coffeehouses now? Right here! If she doesn't start to win over the old man now, she will miss the bus!"

"And the old man?"

"Like a hunting dog he picked up the scent right away. This morning he chased her away twice. 'Get out of my sight, vulture!' he shouted at her. 'I'm not dying yet! I'll still bury you!' "

The rain lashed down and put out my cigarette. I wanted to go inside the house to light another, but Mr. Atkin held onto me.

"This morning the old man threw all the clothes and belongings and the bed of the deceased outside, into the rain. The girls barely managed to pick everything up and put it in the other room. He wanted to be rid of everything she had left behind her, without even waiting until after the period of mourning. Why? I'll tell you why. He wants to take a new wife." And laughing, Mr. Atkin moved off.

I WENT into the house. A sensation of mellowness surrounded me suddenly. This old shack, this ancient greenhouse in which these sons and daughters had grown up, was still filled with Grandma's personality. The wooden walls, the old table covered with a checkered cloth, the large pendulum clock, the glass cabinet turning green out of great age, topped with a crown of cherubs and holding a brass mortar and pestle, glass jars containing cubes of sugar, round colored candies, honey, coffee and tea, the empty wine bottles, the worn tins of snuff; and on the wall, the calendar of the Diskin Orphanage, Jerusalem, and the inscription in marble above the transom of the door: 'If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem, May My Right Hand Forget Its Cunning'; the heavy clothes rack holding the daughters' winter coats, and the kitchen with the ancient oil burner, the shelves of cracked plates, the water dripping from the sink onto the worn floor, the squeezed lemon half, the teacups, the tottering old ice chest, the two patched towels.

I went into the other room and saw my Uncle Jonathan, hunched over a pile of rain-soaked clothes in disarray on Grandma's overturned bed. Astonishing and mystifying, with a long brown beard, in wrinkled khaki trousers and blue battle dress, Jonathan nervously dug into the pockets of Grandma's wet age-worn coat. Suddenly he raised his head and his eyes caught mine. He dropped the coat at once and pulled his hands away to hide them in his pockets.

"What?" he said, as if trying to anticipate a question I did not ask. And seeing that I watched him in silence, he said quickly, "They bewitched her! She didn't just die. They betwitched her! They bewitched her!"

He did not recognize me. "Who?" I asked.

"They!" He waved his heavy hand toward the first room. "The devil's camp!"

Suddenly Grandpa appeared. "What are you doing, Jonathan?" Grandpa asked, not paying any attention to me. He had never paid any attention to me.

"I have to find the witchcraft," said Jonathan. "I will restore Mother to life!"

"Get out of here, Jonathan," said Grandpa. He was shorter than Jonathan, but as they stood side by side, Grandpa looked more like Jonathan's older brother than his father.

Just then Havah burst in, breathing heavily. "They've brought her from the hospital! They're outside."

"Let them wait," growled Grandpa. And then, turning to face her: "Who brought these rags into the house? I threw this filth away!"

Havah was silent.

"Who?" said Grandpa, raising his voice. "You?"

"No, Papa," said Havah.

"They?" said Grandpa, pointing to the other room.

Havah remained silent.

"Bitches!" Grandpa muttered.

"You shouldn't talk about them that way, Papa," said Havah. "I'm sure they didn't mean to make you angry."

"Get out of here, you vulture!" he screamed. His fists were clenched and his eyes were bloodshot. But this lasted only an instant. All at once he relaxed and his eyes were again those of an old man.

OUTSIDE, Father and Akiva stepped down, grasped the stretcher, and took Grandma from the hearse of the Hevra Kadisha through the gate of the trampled fence and through the mud and among the narcissus and the wild nettles into the old house in which she had given birth to them scores of years ago. They held onto her with great effort, the muscles of their arms bulging and straining. They carried her and brought her into the first room. They set her down on the cold floor. Grandma was laid out the entire length of the stretcher, covered with black, dead now the fourth day and only the lines of her long body stood out beneath the black covering. Father and Akiva stood on either side of the stretcher and looked at their mother, lying at their feet on the floor.

The hearse still stood on the road near the gate. The door of the driver's compartment was open. Out came a man all in black. He looked at the relatives for a moment, yawned, and stepped down to the black soaked ground.

"Mr. Bailiss," said the driver to him. "Open the umbrella. It's raining."

Mr. Bailiss creaked open the black umbrella and waved it at the heavens. The bulging umbrella was raised higher, and the drops of rain pelted it and streamed downward. Now it seemed to be a large black mushroom, whose roots were the

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thick black beard of Mr. Bailiss.

"Take a right turn, Binyumin," said Mr. Bailiss. "Turn the car around. We won't be staying here long in miserable weather like this."

The driver turned the car to the right, circled in the alley, and headed it towards the road leading to the old winepress, and then he jumped with a quick movement to stand at the side of Mr. Bailiss. Mr. Bailiss gave him the umbrella and the driver took it and held it over Mr. Bailiss's head. All the relatives stared at Mr. Bailiss. Mr. Bailiss ignored everyone.

"Quick now," said Mr. Bailiss, examining the gloomy, low-hanging sky. "Quick now, my friends! A little longer and it will come down in a flood."

Somebody began to shake a jingling tin box near me. "Cha-ri-ty saves from the graaaave, cha-ri-ty saves from the graaaave," somebody old and shabby chanted near me, shaking the tin box which he held in one hand and covering a yawn with the other. He walked among those present, who dropped coins through the top of the tin box. The beggar came over to me, waving his tin box apathetically in front of my eyes. The coins jumped and jingled inside. I dropped in a coin. Only when the coin bounced inside did I remember that it was Italian, a hundred-lire piece.

"Cigarette?" said the beggar, his yellow, withered eyes winking at me. I gave him the pack. He saluted with an absurd gesture and passed further on, the box constantly jingling in his hands.

Grandpa was the last to leave the house. He locked the door and hid the key under the mat. The light was on above the outside door. Grandpa looked back at the house and saw the light. He shook his head, bent down, and drew out the key from under the mat, went inside, and turned off the light. He came outside and locked the door again and looked with satisfaction at the funeral procession, which was waiting for him on the road in the rain.

Havah stepped over to him. "Papa, it will be difficult for you to walk the whole way. Get into Akiva's car, and Hilik will drive you to the cemetery."

"But Hilik doesn't have a driver's license yet," protested Mr. Atkin.

"He isn't old enough yet, but he drives very well," Havah assured him. "It's all right, Papa. Get into the car."

"And what if a policeman should stop him?" grumbled Mr. Atkin.

"What policeman would stop a car in a funeral procession?" Havah asked mockingly. "Papa needs rest."

The little Fiat 600 had already come. "Now get in, Papa," coaxed Havah, opening the car door for him. "You aren't so young, Papa."

"Go devour yourself, you damned vulture!" said Grandpa, and he got into the car.

Mr. Atkin muttered something unintelligible, and then his lips pressed together and his eyes closed and the funeral procession began to move. At the head, in ritual slowness, rolled the hearse of the Hevra Kadisha. Behind it, too close, came the pallbearers carrying the stretcher. Behind them walked Havah, mourning, her head lowered. After her, slowly came the bowed relatives, beside them the pudgy old ladies and behind them several somber cousins. Then came Mr. Atkin and I. Apart from us, at the side of the road, plodded Jonathan. Finally, Akiva's Fiat 600 with Hilik at the wheel stealing glances at Grandpa, who was sitting at his side taking snuff all the while. Bringing up the rear were two taxis that had been hired to transport those in attendance to the cemetery. Not far from me Mr. Bailiss walked, carrying the black umbrella.

At the street corner near the Sephardic synagogue where Grandma used to pray, the procession stopped. Father and Akiva recited the Kaddish from two worn pieces of paper that Mr. Bailiss had hurriedly handed them. Jonathan remained silent. I was wet through and through, and there was no sign that the rain would let up.

"Yesterday it was so beautiful and today, all of a sudden, we have a flood," remarked Mr. Atkin.

"The skies are weeping for her," said one elderly woman who stood near us, leaning on a cane. "It isn't the rain. It's the tears of heaven."

"She was a very pious woman," said another elderly woman who was bundled up in a black woolen shawl. "The Gates of Paradise will open for her right away."

"Through her merit the Messiah will come. Amen, so may it be His will!"

Just then the wind snatched the skullcap from my head and threw it, like a ball, at Mr. Bailiss's feet. He stood leaning on his umbrella and looking at another funeral notice posted on the door of the synagogue. He raised his foot and stepped on the skullcap. I bent over to pick it up. On the skullcap was the muddy imprint of his shoe. I wiped off the mud with my hand, but the imprint remained. I put the skullcap on my head and at that moment the wind whipped up again through the synagogue plaza, and but for an unexpected blow from Mr. Bailiss's umbrella, the skullcap would have flown again from my head.

"Business is good today, eh, Mr. Bailiss?" said Mr. Atkin as he drew close to us.

"Knock on wood!" replied Mr. Bailiss.

Mr. Atkin pulled me aside. "Stay away from him! The less contact with him, the better. Understand?"

I nodded my head. Mr. Atkin sighed, "I'm not good at funerals. Funerals are bad for me. How much time do I still have? Another pik-pok of the heart and it's over! I've already had two attacks. I wait for the third one every day. It's stupid to waste the time I have left on funerals."

"You don't attend funerals every day," I said.

"I had to attend this one," said Mr. Atkin. "She was such a good woman. The old bastard never gave her even one minute of happiness."

"She lived to a ripe old age," I said. "Other people die younger."

"Age is not what matters," said Mr. Atkin. "Believe me, it isn't age that matters."

Then the procession began moving again. He grabbed my hand, saying, "Come on, let's perform a mitzvah."

We walked over to the stretcher. I put my hand on the handle which father was holding. Father looked at me apologetically but did not say a word. Then he let go of the handle. "She's heavy. I'll relieve you when you get tired. Just give me a signal."

The stretcher felt very heavy, even though I was bearing only a quarter

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of its weight. It was not the disease-ridden body of Grandma; it was death that weighed so much. I held onto the handle of the stretcher with my right hand, and I could feel the muscles of my arm straining.

On the wet sidewalks, on both sides of the slippery pavements, people bundled up in raincoats gazed at us indifferently. Traffic had been halted while we crossed the road near the marketplace, and several shopkeepers had closed the shutters of their shops. They stood on the sidewalk in front of their one-story shops with handkerchiefs on their heads, watching the procession. I did not recognize anyone, everything had changed so since I had left. To my right there was now a stranger who had relieved Mr. Atkin. He was small and corpulent, with fat, hairy hands. I gave a signal and Father relieved me.

"Did you see the man who took my place?" asked Mr. Atkin.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you know who he is?"

"No."

"He was one of the customers of the departed," said Mr. Atkin, "a bachelor already past his forties who had despaired of ever getting married. He came to your Grandma and in a week she found a wife for him. Today they have three children and are very happy. She was famous as a matchmaker throughout the town even before you were born."

NEAR the Maccabi-Avshalom soccer field, Mr. Bailiss closed his umbrella, raised it, waved it three times, and then opened it again. The hearse came to a halt. The pallbearers stood still. The procession stopped. From here on we would ride. The driver of the hearse jumped down and stepped over to the rear of the hearse, to open the doors. The pallbearers put the stretcher inside, lowering it to the floor. Then they got in and sat on benches at either side. There were still a number of empty seats in the hearse and several others got in. Those who remained, among them Mr. Atkin and myself, were packed into two taxis and the three vehicles drove off to the cemetery.

The cemetery stretched past the old industrial district, among orange groves, near the railroad tracks. A dirt lane led to its gates from the main highway. The road was full of ditches and the ditches were full of water. The cars jogged along and water splattered the closed windows. The fruit had just been harvested. Crates of oranges stood in the groves and small wagons carried them to a large packing plant nearby. The cemetery was almost full. Soon it would be necessary to uproot several groves to enlarge it.

"But they'll still bring me here," said Mr. Atkin. "I already bought a plot for myself from Mr. Bailiss."

"You still have many years ahead of you," I said. "You'll bury Mr. Bailiss."

"Me, I'm through," said Mr. Atkin.

"They'll uproot another three groves and your tree of life will still be blooming," I said.

Mr. Atkin grinned. "You're a good boy, but my days are numbered. I'm waiting for another little pik-pok."

"Don't wait for it; then it won't come."

"You're a good boy," said Mr. Atkin.

THE WET GRASS glistened and trembled in the wind. A cool, hesitant sun peeked through the clouds and a fresh fragrance came from the forest of marble tombstones.

I walked on the gravel path leading from one plot of graves to another. The tombstones were of various sizes and shapes surrounded by puddles of water out of which stalks of grass and wildflowers sprouted.

On Mother's grave there lay a huge wreath of white roses. Father must have been here yesterday. The procession was moving now between the graves. The cantor walked ahead, wrapped in a tallis, and the strong wind swept his voice away so that I could not hear him. I could only see that his lips were moving. At his side marched Mr. Bailiss, holding the umbrella in one hand, the other clenched and resting against his back. We walked between the rows of graves until we saw the open pit and the red earth, loose and moist, piled up around it.

The gravedigger had not yet finished, and as we drew near, he looked at us from within the pit. He was a red-bearded hunchback and held a spade in his hand. Mr. Bailiss ran over to him.

"Haven't you finished yet?" said Mr. Bailiss angrily.

"I've been delayed by the rain, Mr. Bailiss," said the gravedigger, "but I'll be finished in another minute."

"You should have finished it already," said Mr. Bailiss, furious.

"I should have, but I was delayed by rain, Mr. Bailiss."

We waited, the rain, which had started again, beat down on our heads. The sons mumbled the Kaddish again and the cantor chanted *el malei rahamim.* He held the wrapper from a pack of El-Al cigarettes, with something scribbled on its white side, and when he reached the words "Frieda, the daughter of Shmuel-Leib," Grandpa suddenly interrupted him.

"Judah-Leib!"

The cantor raised his head and stopped his chanting. "What?"

"Judah-Leib, I said," said Grandpa. "You made a mistake!"

"That isn't my fault. Shmuel-Leib is what's written down here!" said the cantor, showing the cigarette wrapper to everyone.

"Don't be a stubborn ass!" shouted Grandpa. "Who knows better?"

"*Nu,* let it be Judah-Leib already! What difference is it to you, *shlimazel?* Do what they tell you!" Mr. Bailiss rebuked the cantor. "The main thing is to finish already."

The cantor hurried the service. When he had finished he cleared his throat, threw the cigarette wrapper into the pit, sighed deeply, and moved away. The gravedigger came up from the pit. The pallbearers tilted the stretcher at the edge of the pit, and Grandma's corpse slowly glided into it. The empty stretcher was folded and handed to Mr. Bailiss, who disgustedly scraped away the clods of reddish earth that clung to it and gave it to his driver. The gravedigger went down into the pit again, took several stone slabs that were resting against one another at the edge of the pit, and covered Grandma with them. Then Grandpa bent over the reddish mound, took a handful of loose earth, and threw it into the pit. Father and Akiva picked up the spades and hoes lying by the grave and shoveled earth into the pit. When I drew near to take the hoe from Father's hands, Grandma was no longer visible.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 98

by HENRY ALLEN

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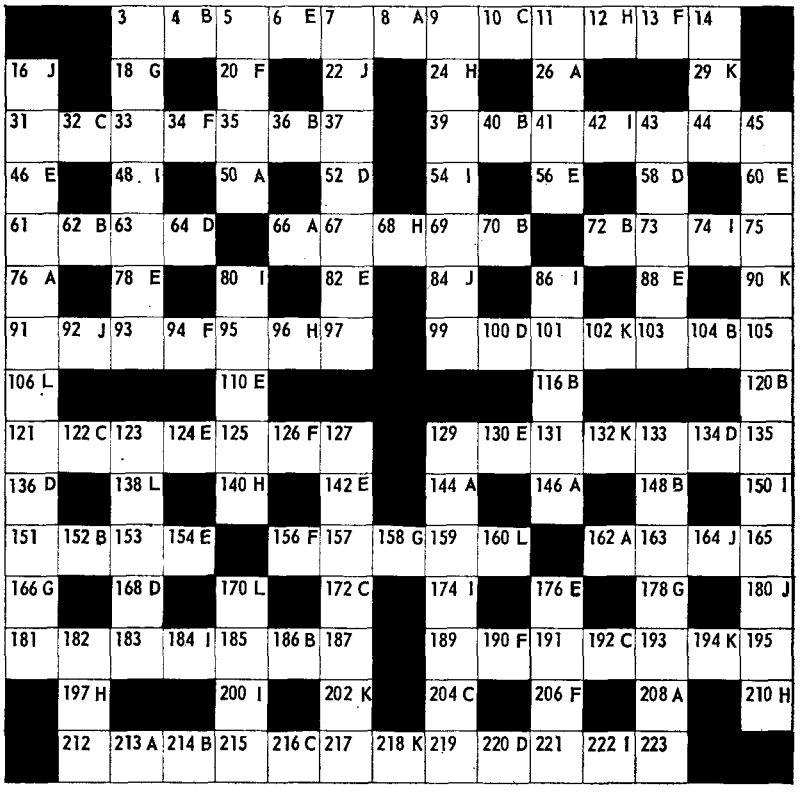
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
162 213 50 208 146 66 76 144 8 26 Favorite children's confections (5,5).

B
36 152 120 104 70 214 40 4 148 62 116 186 72 An open proposition (5,8).

C
122 32 204 10 172 216 192 One who does not speak clearly.

D
64 134 58 168 220 100 136 52 Apparatus for production of petroleum wells (3,5).

E
142 82 78 124 88 110 60 130 154 56 176 6 46 Furniture pieces for office or home (8,5).

F
126 34 156 94 20 206 190 13 A dog breed sometimes used as a sled dog.

G
158 18 178 166 An aromatic Himalayan plant.

H
210 197 12 96 140 24 68 Spinning tales (colloq.).

I
222 48 184 74 150 174 54 200 86 42 80 What one does, ideally, after psychoanalysis (7,4).

J
16 92 164 84 180 22 "Still must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl / His creaking couplets in a _____ hall." Byron, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

K
102 194 90 218 29 202 132 A kind of drum.

L
160 138 170 106 "If he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear _____." Shakespeare, "I Henry IV."

ACROSS

3. Cynical fowl, much listened to, according to the song (7,5).
31. Perspective for a vista.
39. You mustn't call a simple painter this.
61. I leave Ohio's spaces and go to London.
66. A loop that's not quite bright.
72. The officer casts out a tenant and becomes a French place.
91. Former S.G. embraces the tibia and becomes cavalier.
99. Bid up about ruts? Bother!
121. Currents said in the House of Lords?
129. Reds air formal salutations (4,3).
151. Eager in David's language.
156. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
162. Coffee in the Southwest Pacific.
181. A scalp? That is, something extraordinary.
189. A New England trait? Beg for it (alt. sp.).
212. A bit later than a famous nude painting; a few hours, at least, for a date.

DOWN

3. Marriages that may get very hot.
5. The "in" may be loco, too.
7. Writing substance before fish. Get the idea?
9. A snag he'd find when teeth are ground.
11. That old Roman site.
14. Mayday from those who also sit idle.
16. Greens treated roughly in the restaurant? (6,6).
43. 72 across goes to H — I Takes Root, anyway.
45. Teen-age fete which has a lot of wood in it (7,5).
80. I and I for Italian blossoms!
86. On board? Yea, try.
123. First of seven may go quietly in a vehicle.
127. Burns rogue with musk and an ell.
129. If it's matey, I'd not look for night.
133. Frugally to peel in sly ways.
170. Fog that almost didn't make it, they say.
176. Dog's pop that's turned to dust.
182. Dance step overturns the fool.

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Translated:
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The Rule of 'O'

ROBERT BINGHAM

THE other day Mr. James Reston, the distinguished Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, reported that the capital is agog over Theodore Sorensen's suggestion that Presidential candidates whose names end with "on" usually do better than those whose names end with "er." The Washington *Star*, we learn, seems to favor this theorem, although there have been enough exceptions—Stevenson vs. Eisenhower, for example—to make the whole thing look pretty silly. Mr. Reston then pointed out that quite a few, but by no means all, of our recent Presidents have had double letters and that the most effective pair seems to be the double "o," as in Coolidge, Hoover, and Roosevelt. After a few more or less frivolous remarks about some of the current Presidential aspirants, Mr. Reston simply dropped the subject and presumably went back to worrying about automation.

Frankly, I am amazed that a responsible organ like the New York *Times* would stoop to such superficiality. Mr. Reston seems to be completely unaware of the seminal work that has been done recently in this important field, including my own privately printed monograph, *Toward an Understanding of the Omega and Omicron Factors in a Random Sampling of Presidential Candidates*. With the popular press full of half-truths, such as the "er" vs. "on" fallacy, and ignorant misconceptions, such as the old double-"o" syllogism, I see now that I am duty-bound to take precious time away from my research in order to explain my findings in terms the layman can understand.

HERE, then, is my General Theory of Political Phonetics: *A Presidential candidate who is widely known among the voters by a name that contains one or more of the pure sounds represented by the letter "O" will win more votes than a candidate who offers no such sounds, or fewer of them.*

For the benefit of readers who may not be familiar with those odd little marks that appear at the bottom of the page in dictionaries, I shall state that what I mean by a pure "o" sound is a noise that no layman would find it possible to reproduce in writing without making use of the fifteenth letter of the alphabet. (And let us not forget that in the final analysis, it is laymen who pick Presidents in this country, not experts.) The primary vowels I refer to are the resonant "oh" of Roosevelt, the generous "ow" of Eisenhower, and the fully rounded "oo" of Coolidge and Hoover to which Mr. Reston referred so naïvely. Despite the orthography, there are fewer votes in the colorless "ah" of Winfield Scott, John C. Frémont, Winfield S. Hancock, James M. Cox, and Robert M. LaFollette: the same applies to the stingy "uh(n)" in De Witt Clinton, Alfred M. Landon, and Adlai E. Stevenson. To be sure, these secondary, or impure, vowels have some value—as in the cases cited by Mr. Sorensen where an "on" meets an unreinforced "er"—but they simply cannot stand up against a good strong ululating "oo" or "ow." Tentative laboratory findings indicate that the pure "o" sounds are made by setting the lips as if to get ready for a kiss; there is obviously much work to be done along this line by the social anthropologists.

It is important to realize that the sound of the candidate's name is far more important than the actual spelling. Thus, Harry S. Truman (Tr*oo*man) easily put down the insurrection represented by J. Strom Thurmond (J. Str*uh*m—or incorrectly, in the North, Str*ah*m—Thur*muh*nd), the candidate of the States Rights Party in 1948. Henry Agard Wallace, of course, never had a chance, but the fourth candidate that year, Thomas E. Dewey, might have fared much better at the polls if his name had been universally pronounced D*oo*ey. There were apparently just enough voters who called him D*ye*wey—a shortened vowel not unlike the alien "ue" so many students of high-school French have found repugnant—to cost him the election. Of course, a "yew" is better than nothing, and was apparently a distinct asset in the nineteenth century, when it was usually rendered as a soothing "yoo" in names like Ulysses. Martin Van Byooren won

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #97

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I		E		A		N		A		I		A		I
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Acrostician—

KING HASSAN II

handily in 1836 against what appeared to be an inconsiderable opponent, William Henry Harris*uh*n. But by 1840, a phenomenon had taken place that I am tempted to attribute to some brilliantly intuitive pioneer of motivational research, and Harris*uh*n turned the tables on Van B*yoo*ren, not with his own rather unimpressive nomenclatural endowment but by acquiring in the voters' ears an entirely new and thoroughly invincible identity: "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." The pendulum swung back in 1856 to James B*yoo*chanan. But just as a questionable D*yew*ey was no match for Tr*oo*man, Charles Evans H*yew*s found himself outpointed in 1916 by a canny college professor with a sure instinct for politics who had abandoned the first Christian name his parents had given him (Thomas) in favor of the second to become Woodrow Wilson when he ran for office.

As Wilson must have sensed, there is no such thing as too many "o"s. F.D.R.'s margin of victory over Hoover in 1932 was obviously provided by a subtle use of Delan*oh*. In cases where the contestants are otherwise evenly matched, even a secondary vowel of the "uh" category may prove to be decisive, as James M*uh*nr*oh* demonstrated in 1816 when he defeated R*oo*fus King.

Having devoted a good deal of time to a painstaking study of the results of all past elections in this country (see, for instance, pages 257 through 264 of the *Information Please Almanac,* 1964 edition), I am able to state without fear of contradiction that there have been no exceptions to the rule of "o." If you will remember that, like Dr. Gallup and Mr. Roper, we are dealing here with the actual behavior of the voters rather than with the final count in the Electoral College, you will not be puzzled by two instances that might at first appear to negate our conclusions. Thus, although Gr*oh*ver Cleveland got fewer electoral votes than Benjamin Harris*uh*n in 1888, his majority of the popular vote was even larger than it had been four years earlier when he defeated James G. Blaine. A similar flouting of the popular will occurred in the case of a candidate whose qualifications for high office were formidable. H*oh*rati*oh* Seym*oh*r. It would be easy enough to skim past the election of 1868 by saying that, after all, nobody can beat a popular general. But as a matter of fact there is every reason to suppose that even *Yoo*lysses S. Grant couldn't have won if 700,000 newly enfranchised Negroes had not been marched to polls under the watchful eyes of Union troops; it is my contention that H*oh*rati*oh* Seym*oh*r actually did win a majority of all those ballots cast free of coercion by voters who had been told who was running. There can be no doubt that in a free election, the "o"s have it.

None of our great Presidents—Washingt*uh*n, Jeffers*uh*n, Linc*uh*n—has been without an "o" of some sort, even if it was only a secondary vowel. And the mere five of our thirty-five Presidents who managed to get by totally "o"-less—Pierce, Garfield, Arthur, McKinley, and Harding—might with some justice be called the bottom of the barrel.

How THEN shall we apply my General Theory of Political Phonetics to the current situation? After the sonorous decades of Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, Tr*oo*man, and Eisenhower, we must expect the voters to be apathetic and confused by the nomenclatural poverty of our leaders today. I was not in the least surprised by the closeness of the contest in 1960 between two secondary vowels—J*ah*n and Nix*uh*n. (I almost picked up the phone several times to tell Mr. Nix*uh*n what he could do with the "ow" in Milhous, but somehow I have never felt that we scientists have the right to play God.)

The present incumbent of the White House, who will apparently be the Democratic standard-bearer next fall, offers no primary vowels, but he does possess an imposing trio of secondary ones. As I see it, Lyn*duh*n B. J*ah*nsu*h*n should have no trouble with Nels*uh*n A. R*ah*ckefeller, Richard M. Nix*uh*n, or William W. Scrant*uh*n. Conceivably, Geo*h*rge R*ah*mney might be a somewhat more formidable adversary, but for all-round aural charisma, the Republicans' best bet—despite what Mr. Rest*uh*n says on the days when he's not being funny—is Barry Go*h*ldwater. Of course, it remains to be seen whether the Republicans will exploit the opportunity I am dropping into their laps.

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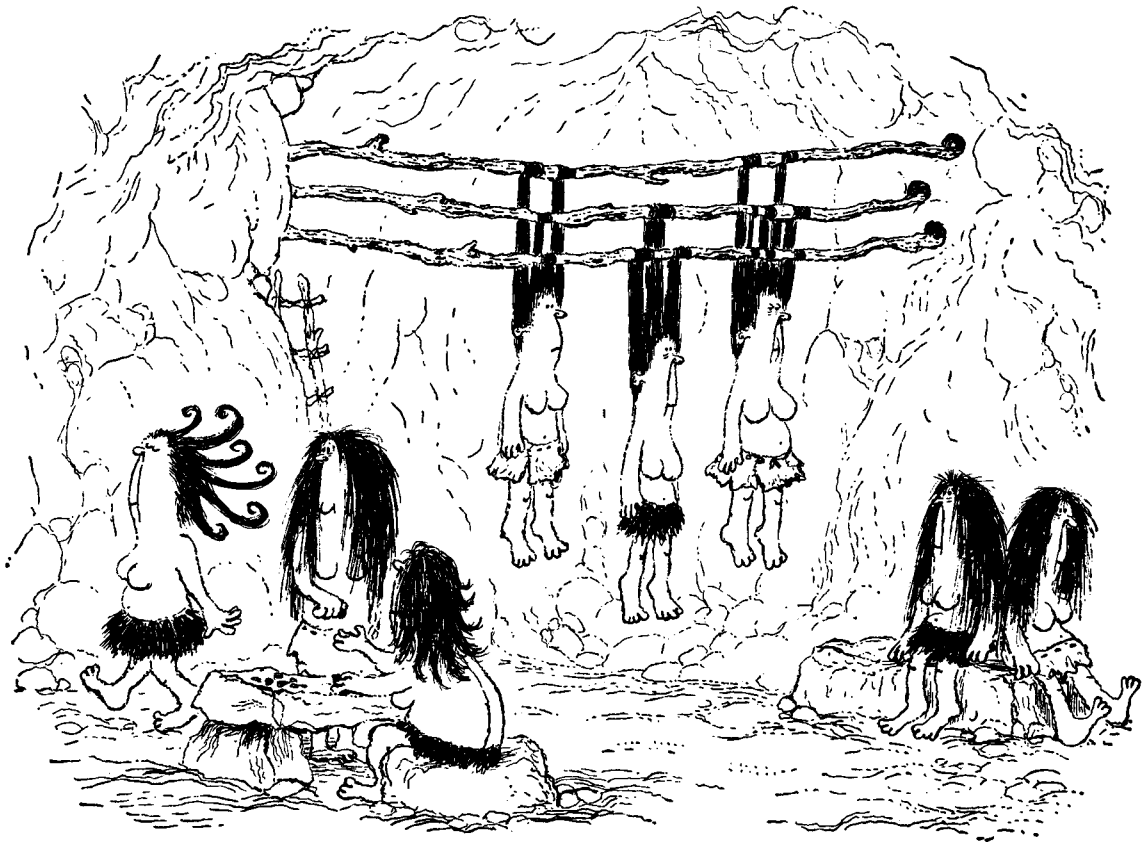

The New Hairdo by Fernando Krahn

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BOOKS

Latter-Day Puritans from Erin

JOHN P. ROCHE

THE AMERICAN IRISH, by William V. Shannon. *Macmillan. $7.95.*

Ethnic literature is, by and large, appalling stuff. Shelf upon shelf in the public libraries is burdened with devoted monographs on *The Jews in King Philip's War, The Armenian Contribution to American Constitutionalism,* or *Tuscans in the Confederacy*. Probably no minority has produced more of these pathetically defensive evidences of status seeking than the Irish, but now at last a fresh wind is blowing away the mist and a new note of realism has entered the discussion for them as for other groups. Oscar Handlin broke ground on all the immigrants, and Moses Rischin, Nathan Glazer, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan have made notable contributions on the Jews, Italians, Puerto Ricans, and Irish.

William V. Shannon has not attempted a scholarly analysis, but his "political and social portrait" of *The American Irish* is obviously a product of this new milieu and a very good one too. His book is a labor of love, yet he has eschewed the mawkish sentimentality of puppy love for the dedicated realism of the true lover: his portrait of the Irish is complete with warts and, with one exception to be examined subsequently, he does not hastily change the subject when unpleasant aspects of Irish behavior come into view. In short, this is a fine, honest book, and one can only hope that its publication and success symbolize on the popular level the end of the old tradition of ethnic drivel, that the "fighting Irish" will now be seen as part of a culture that included a sizable segment of running Irishmen and an overwhelming body of inert Gaels who simply worked out their days and asked for nothing but a decent life and the peace to enjoy it.

This said, we must turn to the problem that Shannon scrupulously, and one must think deliberately, avoids: the position of the Catholic Church in the Irish community. Of course, the Church comes in for a good deal of discussion. There is a chapter on Cardinal Gibbons that includes some interesting material on the tensions within the Church in his time. (It does not, thank God, go off on a wild-goose chase after the "phantom heresy" of "Americanism." In 1899, using a technique that both Khrushchev and the Albanians would appreciate, Leo XIII condemned as "Americanism" a powerful *French* trend toward theological liberalism. This annoyed Gibbons, but he pointed out to Rome that there were no "Americanists" in America, and the matter ended there.) And Shannon has ably diagnosed Father Coughlin's *hubris* and contrasted him with Msgr. John A. Ryan to note the variations within the Church.

But nowhere does Shannon come to grips with the unique institutional role of "their" Church to the Irish or the consequences of this role on the contributions of the Irish to American culture. When he examines the Irish in American literature, the exemplars are F. Scott Fitzgerald, John O'Hara, and James T. Farrell —hardly defenders of the Faith. When he turns to the American theatre, Eugene O'Neill, also at odds with the Church, looms over the other "Irish playwright," Philip Barry, in ludicrous fashion. Patently Shannon is distressed by their lapses from faith, and he argues with considerable force that Catholicism shaped their creativity, but he never seizes the nettle. Why, both in the United States and in Ireland, has Catholicism been a blight on artistic genius? Whence this fearful puritanism so alien to the Catholic civilizations of France and Italy? This question simply must be answered.

Shannon is perceptive enough to distrust the easy answer, the alleged infusion of Jansenism into the Irish Church by clerical refugees from the French Revolution. Indeed, I would go so far as to suggest that theology is irrelevant—that the anti-intellectualism, the puritanism, the social dogmatism that has been so characteristic of the Church in America is a consequence of its Irishness, not of its Catholicism. And the source of this syndrome (shared, by the way, by the French Catholics in Quebec and by the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa) must be sought in history, not in papal encyclicals. The Church in Ireland was far more than a comforter of souls; it was the matrix of a national community living in a state of siege, a cultural fortress.

WHEN the Irish came to the United States, they brought their fortress with them; and right down to the First World War, and in some areas of the nation even later, they maintained the siege mentality. (My father's generation was the first to break out of the New York Irish ghetto—and he was a sixth-generation American. The ghetto *in toto* moved every so often: it packed up and "crossed the Shannon" from the lower East Side to Brooklyn in the 1880's to get away from the Jews.) A community that is in a state of siege, or believes that it is, is seldom very broad-minded or tolerant of dissent, and for the Irish the Church was a cultural police force. The other side of the coin has, of course, been the virtual absence of theological originality *within* the American Church; Cardinal Gibbons was right when he informed Leo XIII that no heresiarchs were hidden in his *ecclesia*.

In other words, the Church was the steel frame of a militant community set down in a hostile environment. It was, in fact, a magnificent fighting instrument, an *imperium in imperio* that confronted the outside world on every front from the Knights of Columbus to the Catholic Historical Association and the Catholic War Veterans. Perhaps its greatest accomplishment was the creation of the dual school system (Moynihan reports the remark of a New York Jesuit that a "Catholic diocese is a school system, here and there associated with a church"). Yet it has also left fearful casualties among sensitive, rebellious Catholics. Shannon has examined some of these fugitives from Irish *Gleichschaltung;* it is a pity he did not go deeper into the cause of their disaffection.

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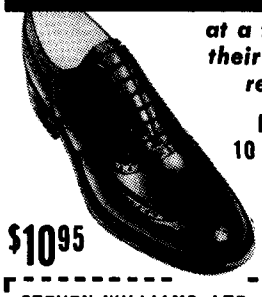

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In the Wake Of the Prophet

ANNE FREMANTLE

ANTHOLOGY OF ISLAMIC LITERATURE: FROM THE RISE OF ISLAM TO MODERN TIMES: Selected, edited and introduced by James Kritzeck. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $8.50.*

Can one, legitimately, speak of Islamic literature? Should it not be Albanian and Baluchi, Bengali, Berber, Cham, Gujarati, Hausa, Javanese, Malay, Pushto, Punjabi, Sindhi, Somali, Swahili, Tadjik, Tamil, Telegu, Turkish, Urdu, and Uzbek literatures? Dr. Kritzeck, assistant professor in the Department of Oriental Studies at Princeton, points out that many of these languages, including the three principal ones (Arabic, Persian, and Turkish), have nothing, linguistically speaking, in common, yet "Islamic culture has . . . evidenced a type of homogeneity which is truly striking." As reasons he suggests the religion of Islam, but also the fact that the Arabic and Persian languages spread over very wide areas, so that "Throughout Islamic history many of its leading literary figures have been bilingual and not a few of them have been trilingual."

What can be postulated of Islamic literature as a whole? Dr. Kritzeck declares that it is, above all, "a literature of contrasts. It is a literature of skepticism and blind faith. It is a literature of asceticism and hedonism. It is a literature of economy and lavishness. It is a literature of strict form and hackneyed theme." Moreover, it possesses continuously both a strain of popular "folk" literature and a strain of elegant "high" literature.

Islamic literature begins with the Koran. For those who know Arabic this is an "inimitable symphony, the very sounds of which move men to tears and ecstasy" as Marmaduke Pickthall, scholar-novelist of the Middle East, wrote. But in English, it is most uninspiring. Dr. Kritzeck has done his best, but sometimes he has fallen into the error he castigates in others—of sacrificing the sound of the English to the literal sense.

When it comes to early Arabic poetry, Dr. Kritzeck wisely does not commit himself on the vexed question of whether the so-called pre-Islamic poetry really was pre-Islamic or was, as Taha Husayn, a prominent figure in modern Arabic literature, asserted, "fabricated after the coming of Islam." But here Dr. Kritzeck shows that he can be a consummate translator:

I dreamt of you
as tawny spears
between us shook
with our twin bloods
spilling on the toasted sand.

By God, I do not know
the cause of that:
it must be either love or magic.

Supposing it is magic,
let us suppose that it is love;
and if not magic,
then, of course,
it is no fault of yours.

Sufism, a practice of mystical contemplation, is one of the great sources of literary inspiration in Islam, and Dr. Kritzeck gives generous samples from both Arabic and Persian Sufis. From Al-Hallaj, the greatest mystic and martyr of them all, come such utterances as:

Prophecy is the Lamp of the world's
light;
But ecstasy in the same Niche has room.
The Spirit's is the breath which sighs
through me;
And mine the thought which blows the
Trump of Doom.
Vision said it. In my eye
Moses stood, on Sinai.

Jellalladin Rumi (1207-1273), founder of the whirling dervishes, wrote:

This is Love: to fly heavenward,
To rend, every instant, a hundred veils.
The first moment, to renounce life;
The last step, to fare without feet.
To regard this world as invisible,
Not to see what appears to one's self.

And elsewhere he says:

I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear? When was I less by
dying? . . .
I must pass on: all except God
doth perish.

Very contemporary are Ibn Hazm's

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eleventh-century discussions of "anxiety as the basis for all action" and Al-Ghazzali's *Confessions of a Troubled Believer,* written in the second half of the eleventh century.

And here is Hajji Khalifah, who died in 1657 while drinking a cup of coffee, on another topic that concerns us today, the use of tobacco:

"As to its harmful effects there is no doubt. It ends by becoming a basic need of the addict, who does not consider its evil consequences. Its harmful physical effect too is established, for tobacco is medically noxious in that it makes turbid the aerial essence. . . . For the man of dry temperament . . . it is in no wise permissible. It will increase his dryness and will constantly desiccate the moisture of his lungs."

There are also selections from Ibn Khaldun's history of the world, written in 1375, which Arnold Toynbee has called "the greatest work of its kind that has ever yet been created by any mind in any time or place," and Ibn Tufayl's masterpiece of economically elegant prose, written in the early twelfth century, describing life alone on a desert island, which was translated into English just a few years before Daniel Defoe wrote *Robinson Crusoe.* You will also find the *Rubáiyát* and the *Arabian Nights* represented—familiar faces to make a good party even better.

Labor's Love Lost

ROBERT S. GALLAGHER

THE DISENCHANTED UNIONIST, by Paul E. Sultan. *Harper & Row. $5.95.*

By now, we are probably all painfully aware of what's wrong with the American labor movement, why it is losing membership and friends, how its momentum has been dissipated by success, its social sensitivity dulled by size. Almost daily we are presented with new evidence of the current flaccidity of trade unionism. Sometimes it takes the form of a tangible statistic, as when the Department of Labor recently an-

let her love you

VENUS PERALTA, FILIPINA, AGE 4. One of five children. Father dead. Mother earns about 50¢ a day. Sells fish in market. Lives in one-room shack in squatter area. Roof rusty galvanized tin salvaged from cans. Walls scraps of firewood. Cooking and washing done in lean-to. Children ragged. Main food source sweet potato patch. Privation acute. Mother sickened with despair for children. Help to Venus means help to whole family.

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nounced that the average factory wage, including non-union workers', had reached an all-time peak of $2.50 an hour in December. Just as often the evidence is less definite: "Walter's brother composed that song," the young shop steward confided to a convention visitor after Reuther's United Auto Workers completed two choruses of the old Wobbly anthem "Solidarity Forever."

Prosperity and fading tradition are certainly causes of rank-and-file apathy. On the other hand, as Paul E. Sultan points out, recent trends toward "democratizing" the unions, particularly the referendum provisions of the Landrum-Griffin Act, have noticeably weakened the leadership at the local level to the extent that ". . . union leaders seem willing to acquiesce in membership indifference to the staggering social and economic issues that we face." Labor's plight appears even more desperate because, although the concept of union organization was ". . . designed to 'humanize' the labor market, unionism is now in danger of becoming a further impersonal force, an organization that meets 'average' worker needs but appears disdainful of the 'eccentric' worker and scornful of criticism. But more dangerous, union leadership is vulnerable to the infectious notion that union programs can be advanced, not by working through the membership, but by simply working 'on' it." Thus the author's basic concern is with one of the least discussed causes of membership indifference, namely the swift and brutal suppression of those individual critics who, regardless of the initial motivation for their dissent, question the dictates of the union leadership.

Sultan, a labor economist and professor in the Claremont Graduate School at Claremont, California, has attempted to analyze fifty men and women who became discontented with the policies or operation, or both, of their unions. He studies them collectively and individually for clues as to why these people and not their fellow unionists should be willing to risk their financial and vocational security. Then the rebels are permitted to tell what happened to them, economically, socially, and, sometimes physically, for raising voices of dissent within the union ranks. The really disturbing part is not the price some unthinking union leaders are willing to pay for the semblance of labor unity, but rather the implied collaboration of management in the name of something fatuously called labor peace.

To protect his anonymous sources, Sultan makes no attempt to present the unions' version of the disputes, which in a majority of cases involved the bitter right-to-work controversies circa 1958. But even his tentative conclusions are hardly calculated to enforce the official labor view of the critic within its ranks as a "well-paid professional" who is ". . . skilled in the techniques of undercover work and sabotage, spreading his incendiary and poisonous views to undermine labor solidarity." In fact, "having viewed the repercussions of protest—the ostracism, the social isolation, the expulsions and blackballing—we must be less certain that the emptiness of the union hall reflects *only* the state of bliss of all members."

ULTIMATELY Sultan makes a somewhat didactic plea for the encouragement of a healthy, loyal opposition which, he believes, would give organized labor the strength of its convictions. He is less explicit about how this would affect the hierarchy's political control. But he does provide us with still another clue to the nature of labor's ills when he interrupts his summary to affirm, despite the nature and direction of his book, his belief in trade unionism. This sort of apology aforethought—which the author shares with other "friendly" critics—is, I think, what Eric Hoffer had in mind when he lamented the tempering of antagonism between labor and management. Conflict, the waterfront philosopher maintained, is both natural and productive; without it, the worker wallowing in benevolent company policies is bored and frustrated. Thus, if the unions also become sternly paternalistic, the worker, who may soon be structurally unemployed, cannot be blamed for spending his leisure time in escape at the local bowling alley, where a machine sets up the pins for him.

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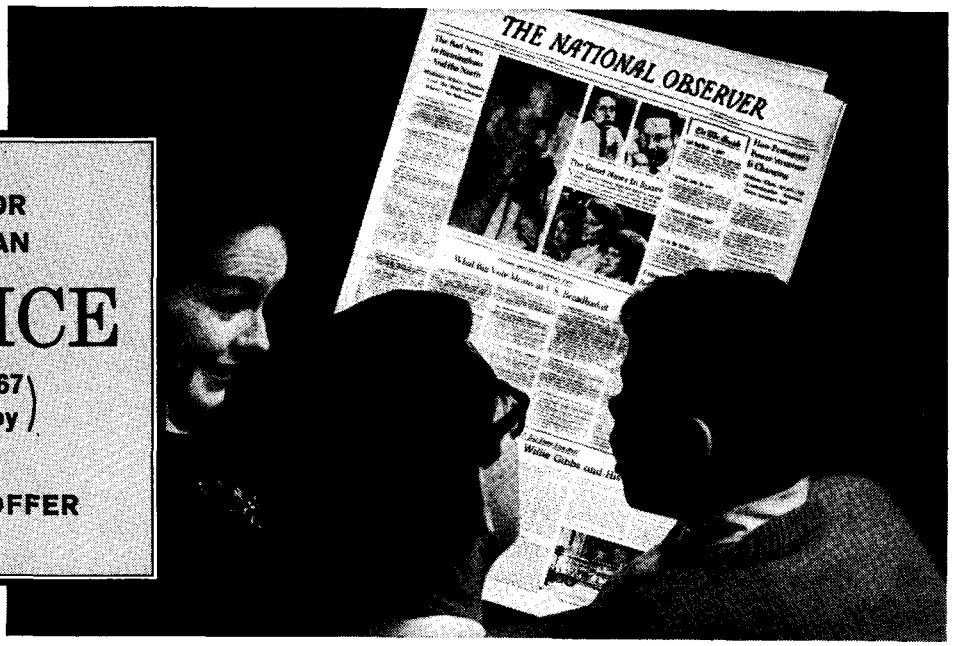

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